THE LIVING AGE

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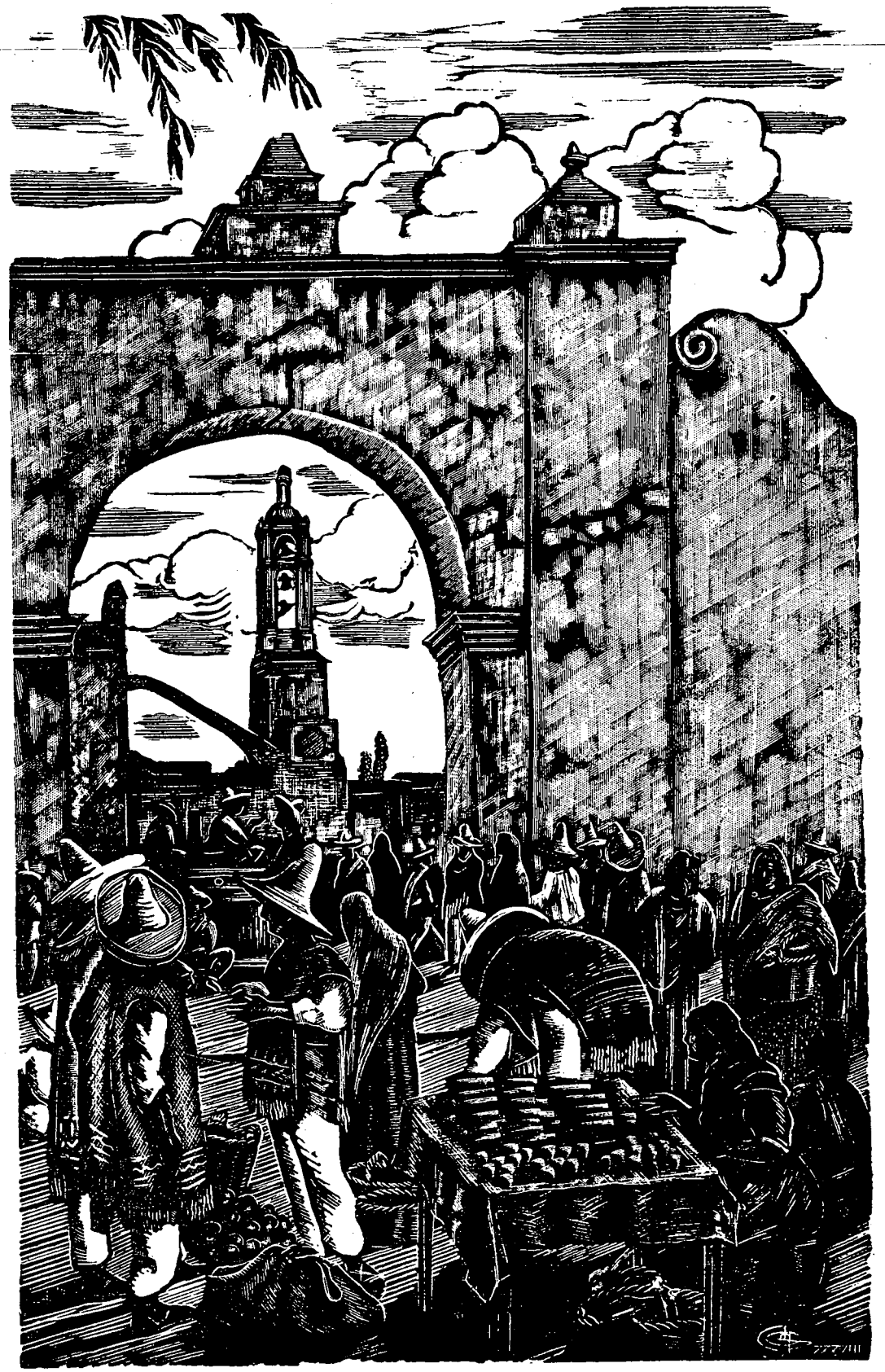

—H. Glintenkamp in *Mexico Life,* Mexico

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THE LIVING AGE

Founded by E. Littell

In 1844

December 1940 *Volume 359, Number 4491*

The World Over

A CURSORY view of the situation in Europe—the picture, for example, on the front pages of most of our newspapers—suggests that the military and economic advantage at this time rests entirely with the Nazis. Aside from her own 100,000,000 people within "Greater Germany," she holds captive almost another 100,000,000 in western Poland, parts of Rumania, all of Norway, Denmark, Luxemburg, the Netherlands, Belgium and France; she has virtual control of Sweden and, with the added threat exercised by Italy, she also holds Yugoslavia in slavery. Hungary, of course, has long since abandoned any pretense to independence. These captive populations are usually said to be living under conditions that are tantamount to total enslavement.

Again, a superficial view of the picture suggests that for all the heroism of Britain's pilots, for all the seemingly incredible toughness of the British civilian population, bombed night and day, England in essence is fighting a defensive action. Wars are not won by defensive strategy, it is sometimes argued with undoubted logic, and neither are they won by large-scale military evacuations, as Winston Churchill candidly admitted to Parliament. One hears the observation also, on the air and in print from apparently well-qualified authorities, that spectacular as are the R.A.F. raids far into the interior of Germany, these are mere reprisal actions by which Britain is certainly not going to win this war of gigantic dimensions.

Yet, the picture need not appear so dark, and in point of fact it isn't. Demaree Bess, one of the most perceptive American correspondents in Europe, recently stressed the fact

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that, in effect, Hitler today is trying to keep under control a wild animal circus, and that this effort is costing the Nazis a great deal, economically, industrially and militarily. Reports accumulate from Swiss sources that sabotage is rife in Czechoslovakia. The studied omission of all news from German-occupied Poland certainly suggests powerfully that events discomfiting to the Poles' new masters are occurring in that unhappy land. At the other end of Europe, in France, it is known that resistance against the Germans is stiffening both in occupied and unoccupied areas of that country. In the Netherlands, the resistance of a considerable fraction of the Dutch people has been open and prolonged, and word of desperate disciplinary action of the German authorities has several times reached outside ears. According to the *Economist* of London, which even in war time is not given to a rosy view of the present situation, Belgian workers have flooded several coal mines and committed other "outrages" against the German occupation officials. General Charles de Gaulle, the leader of the forces abroad of Free France, seems to be as strong in the Belgian Congo, whence he broadcast in November, as he is in French Equatorial Africa, in which the important port of Libreville capitulated to his forces last month. Generalissimo Maxime Weygand, who had been dispatched to North Africa in October to suppress a spreading anti-Vichy movement, is now reported showing signs of revolt against the Pétain régime's decision to "collaborate loyally" with the Reich, and to have disobeyed an order to return posthaste to Vichy. It is not inconceivable that Weygand and de Gaulle may join forces. If this union takes place, the effect upon the population of occupied and unoccupied France would be electric. If both areas are not already convinced of it, that move should finally persuade Frenchmen that their only hope of deliverance lies in a British victory, and that it is imperative they do nothing to make Britain's enormous task more difficult.

TURNING to Italy, it is, of course, too early to say that the country is destined to suffer complete defeat. But defeat is something to which the modern Italian soldier is not unaccustomed. It was plain enough in mid-November that the Duce had, astonishingly enough, lost the initiative, and that a pathetically under-equipped Greek army was able to hold the Italians off and to inflict great destruction among the Fascisti, more columns of which, correspondents report, are retreating in panic, abandoning stores of ammunition as wel as rifles, grenades, machine guns, tanks and pieces of artillery. And the R.A.F. has irreparably crippled Il Duce's fleet.

This may not prove catastrophic for the Italians, but what could it signify? Two things, in our view: one, that reports by Vincent Sheean, Betty Wason and others that Italian civilians and the military had no taste for intervention, and particularly for a Greek adventure, are unquestionably accurate; and two, that Hitler may be forced into expensive and time-consuming operations to rescue his Axis-partner from the morass in which he has been floundering on the far side of the Adriatic and in the Mediterranean.

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Thus, difficult as the position of Britain is, it no longer seems desperate when the picture is regarded as a whole. There is some relief, some rift in the darkness. The Germans did not succeed at invasion of the British Isles, in parts of Europe they are necessarily preoccupied with suppressing revolutionary sentiment and activities that are not diminishing, France is showing encouraging signs of emerging from her defeatism, the Greeks have been able to deal the Italians a succession of stunning blows, and in the United States sentiment is certainly for greater, not less, aid to England which is hereafter to receive at least half of our defense output. Not to be over sanguine, Britain's position today appears appreciably less insecure than two months ago.

Axis Münchausens

IN seizing upon novel interpretations of events, in magnificent disregard of tiresome or inconvenient facts, the Nazis and the Fascists have no peers. In October, *The Living Age* published in translation an article from *Il Popolo d'Italia*, which argued that the little that was virtuous in Anglo-Saxon civilization derived from the Romans. More recently, elaborating on this novel line of reasoning, the Italian press attributed the British success in withstanding the Nazi air attacks to the remnants of valor and hardihood that that people still possess—because of the corpuscles in their veins inherited from the Rome of 2,000 years ago; somewhat long-lived corpuscles, it appears. In this very issue, readers with a longing for fairy-tales might look at an article from the *Schwarze Korps* in which they will discover that the current war really ended sometime ago, and that current operations are no more than a sort of final mopping-up.

But it remains for the *Deutsche Diplomatische Korrespondenz*, the organ of the Wilhelmstrasse, to attain a new high in the fabulous. In the view of this official organ, the result of the American Presidential election clearly meant the emergence of the United States as an authoritarian state, now the fourth such régime in the world. For, argues this Nazi publication, Americans last November 5 voted Mr. Roosevelt "powers scarcely less authoritarian" than those conferred on Hitler, Mussolini and Stalin. Perhaps one will next learn, by way of the National Socialist press, that the United States declared war on Britain several months ago, that we are already in occupation of 10 Downing Street and Buckingham Palace, and that Mr. Roosevelt and his cabinet are playing soft-ball in the House of Commons.

A Plague on Both—

THE French Chief of State, Marshal Pétain, has been the object of a deal of opprobrious comment throughout the world—even in the Reich to which he is subservient—but it must be said for him that in his latest decree he displays a consistency that is absolute. In early November, he abolished the famous or infamous (depending on your viewpoint) *Comité des Forges*, a consortium that by ownership of banks, insurance companies, chemical and coal firms (as well as the semi-official *Le Temps* of Paris) virtually controlled the entire

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economy of France. The *Comité* has often been charged with total unconcern for the military defenses of the country, with blocking any disciplinary action aimed at Germany, because its members did not want to jeopardize profitable coal and iron contracts with the Nazis. The charge will hold water that in great degree the *Comité* facilitated the re-armament of Germany, and that some of its members were responsible, in part, for the French decision not to halt Hitler, in March 1936, when he began to re-militarize the Rhineland.

The reason for this drastic move, the aged Marshal explained in a speech before taking action, was that "the trusts broke the mechanism of free competition" and that his new regime at Vichy would "break the forces of the trust and their power of corruption."

On the other hand, he explained, "international socialism exploited and degraded French labor." Thus, matching his dissolution of the *Comité des Forges*, Marshal Pétain abolished the *Conféderation Générale du Travail*, the nation's principal labor union, which especially during the premiership of Léon Blum, the socialist leader, was charged with hamstringing the execution of defense contracts, mixing in politics and with general obstructionism.

Thus, the old soldier who negotiated the French capitulation with the Nazis makes a clean sweep. He has been guilty in recent weeks of some egregious howlers—as, for example, his assertion in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* that National Socialism had its origins in French social philosophy—but in this move at least he is consistent and he can try to start from scratch.

Myopia in Eire

IF ONE can understand the disinclination of the Free State to permit the presence in Southern Ireland of British troops, it is more difficult to comprehend the shortsightedness of the leaders of Eire in refusing bases on the western coast to the British Admiralty. No one will maintain, on the basis of the historical record, that the activities of the British in Ireland have invariably been motivated by a disinterested paternalism. Yet the most elementary logic argues that as between Britain and Germany, Eire can have but one choice if she sincerely desires survival of her present independence. Furthermore, it may also be argued with reason that if she does not soon make the choice of intelligence and self-interest, she may not have the opportunity of making any decision. The Nazis' U-boat campaign is accelerating; and in some weeks, recently, British freighter losses have exceeded those at the peak of the submarine warfare in the last war. Eire is by no means self-sufficient; she cannot survive, any more than can Northern Ireland, without her imports and re-imports from England. Recent days have disclosed that once again the Germans are concentrating their U-boat and raider campaign in mid-Atlantic, and between 100 and 500 miles west of the Irish coast. The danger to Eire is even greater than the menace to Britain, for the latter at least has weapons to continue the war, and Southern Ireland has none—save the indomitable spirit of her people, unfortunately no longer a highly effective weapon in this era of mechanization.

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PALO ALTO PUBLIC LIBRARY READING ROOM

As Mr. Churchill explained last month in the House of Commons, the British Navy needs bases closer than its own ports to the Atlantic areas where the Nazis are lying in wait for British convoys.

Eire could not be in a more exposed and defenseless position. If Mr. De Valera does not soon persuade his people that the crassest self-interest, at this time, demands that the British Navy be given access to whatever Southern Ireland bases the Admiralty deems vital (primarily Queenstown, Berehaven and Loughswilly), the time may not be distant when the British may be forced to pre-empt them. For the future relations between Southern Ireland and Britain, such an act of force would be calamitous. It must be plain to leaders of Eire, if the cables are to be believed, that the British Government is ready to give Southern Ireland whatever guarantees it can—paper guarantees, that is true. Nevertheless, as between such guarantees, and the imminent threat of literal starvation and a Nazi invasion, horse sense would dictate Eire's immediate offer of these bases to Britain.

Note on Etiquette

THE Nazi military command in Denmark has just issued a set of etiquette rules to be observed by the German troops when dealing with the enslaved Danes. This Emily Post primer for the Nazi army of occupation, recently published in the *Svenska Dagbladet* of Stockholm, contains some interesting advice and some novel observations on the Danish people. Thus, the Nazi soldier of occupation is told that "the Danes are proud," a statement followed by the billowing *non sequitur* that "they have no sense of military discipline or authority." The Nazi trooper is adjured to "do little commanding, which only fills the Danes with repugnance," a very sensible observation, if something of an under-statement. Also, "don't talk politics, wittiness achieves better results." This may be true, but it must be difficult to confiscate a Dane's dairy stock in a genuinely witty manner. But the final section in this etiquette manual tells what the Nazi must do should the Dane not think it excruciatingly droll to lose his crops of barley, wheat and potatoes. In that case, he must treat the disgruntled Dane—"who with few exceptions has no understanding of the aims of National Socialism"—with all "possible kindness, respect for his person, and also give him small presents."

Second-Guessing

A LARGE number of French political and literary figures are now hurrying into print, and giving post-mortem explanations of the collapse of France last June, and attributing responsibility and guilt here, there and elsewhere. Perhaps some of these will prove helpful to future historians dealing with that débâcle—for example, André Maurois' *Tragedy in France*—but few of them thus far make any pretense to objectivity and most are outright philippics, written in bitterness or despair or in stunned horror.

And now we note, across the Channel, that Captain B. H. Liddell Hart, who is something of an international authority on military strategy, has written a letter of sharp criticism to the *Manchester Guardian*. Captain Hart, it will be remembered, a year

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ago occupied a post of trust, and of great influence, with the then Secretary for War, Leslie Hore-Belisha. This expert's chief complaint, *ex-post-facto*, is that Britain decided to guarantee Poland and Rumania "without first securing the assistance of Russia —the maddest reversal of a policy of appeasement and retreat that could ever have been conceived. . . . In that state of wishful intoxication we have played repeatedly straight into Hitler's hands." Elsewhere in his letter, Captain Hart asserts that Britain should abandon her policy of a "waiting war, as a matter of practical necessity" and heretofore should have pursued the tactics of an "offensive-defensive strategy." That the Government did not, this expert argues, was another manifestation of "muddled thinking" in high places.

Well, in the press of terrible events, even a military expert, we suppose, cannot be consistent all of the time. But we think it worth recalling that for many years Captain Hart, former military expert of *The Times*, was one of the most eloquent advocates of a British war strategy of defense, and that he criticized with much acidity the World War campaigns in which hundreds of thousands of troops were slaughtered in a few days, if not hours. Captain Hart, like General Gamelin, wanted the Germans to hurl themselves futilely against the Maginot Line and the Belgian and Dutch defenses, and he confidently believed that this they would do.

LAST March, *The Living Age* published an excerpt from Captain Hart's latest book, *The Defense of Britain*. In fairness to the author, it should be said that this volume, based on a trip of inspection of the French, Belgian and Netherlands defenses, was written before the outbreak of war. But it should also be noted that in the aforementioned letter to the *Manchester Guardian*, Captain Hart complains that France left the Belgian frontier without a Maginot Line, which no one will dispute. But in this excerpt from his book, which was a chapter dealing with the "'The Defense of the Left Flank," this expert had the following to say:

"During a recent tour I had the opportunity of seeing something of the growth of the defenses along these [Belgian and Dutch] frontiers. . . . It was revealing to find how immensely strong by nature were the series of positions—the gorge of the Semois, the heights north of Sedan, and the Meuse. . . . More formidable still, as a barrier to sudden invasion, is the deep belt of prepared demolitions. While these defenses constitute a fortified bridgehead east of the Meuse, the maintenance of that river line north of Liége has received similar attention. A few miles north of Visé, the new Albert Canal cuts through the cliffs of the left bank. . . . In itself a tremendous water obstacle, [the Albert Canal's] resisting power is strengthened by a chain of casemates."

And apropos of the Dutch defenses: "The Dutch are in process of constructing a chain of pill-boxes along the German frontier to cover the main roads of approach and the bridges across the Maas and the Ysel. They are permanently garrisoned by a frontier-covering force of twenty-five skeleton battalions . . . which could be easily reinforced within a few hours. The delaying power of

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this force against a surprise inroad is multiplied by the arrangements which have been made to flood parts of the country and blow up bridges."

Such names today as Sedan, the Meuse, the Ysel and the Albert Canal only evoke tragic memories of the speed and relative ease with which the Nazi divisions a few months ago surmounted these obstacles, these "barriers to sudden invasion." Captain Hart, the foregoing suggests, is indulging himself in that dangerous sport, second-guess kibitzing.

New Business

A LESS grim side to the bombardment of London, and of other British cities, is the impetus given to presumed means of alleviating the boredom—and the fear and attacks of nerves—experienced by millions during the Nazi raids. A host of new enterprises have been launched, and advertisements for this or that antidote fill the newspapers of London, Birmingham and other urban targets of the Nazi bombers. For example, one London firm promptly supplies "Books for the Shelter and the Blackout," which must be a special class of escapist literature. Another advertisement reveals the intelligence that "in an emergency, the whole family can live on Horlicks, even if gas or electricity fail." And "air-raid nursing mothers" are urged to get something called "Ostermilk." Furthermore, according to an "advertiser's announcement" in the *Daily Herald*, of London, downheartedness in air-raid shelters can be instantly banished by someone else's cocoa. If the Londoner wishes to avoid "sore throat from shelter sleeping," he should have recourse to "T. C. P., one-third per bottle. From Chemists only."

Again, "Craven A" cigarettes "are jolly good" in moments of tension. If you have any sense, you will add "Bovril" to your raid rations. "Murphy Wireless Sets" will "keep morale high." Another avenue of keeping morale high is to wear "Barratt's Shoes" because, so testifies a lady in another advertisement, "I don't believe it does the country any good to go about looking drab and dowdy. . . . Let's win this war smartly!"

Finally, "Pond's Creams," according to one Lady Cecilia Smiley, are the only thing to "keep my skin soft and smooth, although I'm out in all weathers now." "Cadbury's Bourn-Vita," at its pre-war price, "will help you to doze off again, if there are raids." Then, there are special beds, cats, cushions, dog food, "air-raid underwear," and a variety of medicants for air-raid ailments, including alcoholism. There are even "linguaphone" machines for the acquisition of "modern Hebrew, Iranian and German," described as "an ideal occupation for the long black-out evenings."

THE LIVING AGE was established by E. Littell, in Boston, Massachusetts, May 1844. It was first known as LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, succeeding *Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature*, which had been previously published in Philadelphia for more than twenty years. In a prepublication announcement of LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, in 1844, Mr. Littell said: "The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travelers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world; *so that much more than ever, it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the conditions and changes of foreign countries.*"

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A noted British writer says the London bombardment has been futile

Hitler Loses Round One

By HILAIRE BELLOC

Times, London Independent Conservative Daily

THE enemy has concentrated his attack on London. Why has he done this? The obvious answer would seem to be: "Because his object is the defeat of this country and London is its capital." But the answer is not so simple.

It is an elementary principle in strategy that one's object must be the destruction of the enemy's organized armed forces, or, at the least, the reduction of them to such inferiority that a decision is bound to go in one's own favor. The organized armed force of this country consists in three elements which are, in the order of their importance, the Navy, the Air Force and the armed land forces. London is not principally involved in any one of these three. Why then the attack on London?

The reason of the present concentrated assault by air upon London is that the enemy proposes to throw the life of this country into confusion before he proceeds to a final attack, whether this final attack take the form of attempted invasion or of achieving mastery of the air—which mastery would, in the long run, give him nearly all the advantages he could obtain from invasion and occupation. It is the enemy's conviction that if he can achieve the full confusion and disarray of London he will have achieved the same results for the whole country.

Why does he think this—seeing that London is only the capital, and *not* the armed strength of the country? His conviction is based upon the peculiar situation of London politically and geographically, and of these two the political situation is far the most important.

Geographically London is the clearing house of many, but not all our communications. The great railways converge upon London and diverge from it. The main roads do the same. The crossing of the Thames from that unknown prehistoric date when it depended on a ford at low tide (where now the Horseferry Road marks the

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track and to which the Watling Street pointed from the Straits of Dover and Canterbury) has been the main nodal point of the most important area in Britain: the fertile Midlands and South, and the approach from the Continent.

The London area is still in our own day, enormously extended though it is, the main clearing house of our communications. Interrupt the communications of the London area and you interrupt most of the main communications of the country. Further, the prolonged Thames Estuary and the line of the river above it are, even under modern conditions, the chief transverse obstacle to all communication south of the Midlands. Sooner or later mere geographical conditions make London a necessary target for invasion.

But the political considerations are much more important today than the geographical. The most important of these is numerical. London, far more than any other capital, presents a nucleus of population so large in proportion to the whole state that its influence is decisive. The amount of the total London population is debatable, for there are no exact boundaries. But if we call it, all told, with its suburban zone and tentacles, eight millions, that is no excessive estimate. There are certainly eight million souls counting as the urban population of that enormous gathering. Now if you compare this with any other capital of any other first-class power in the world, you will find it to be on a unique scale. Even New York and its appendages are not in the same proportion to the United States. Paris is not in the same proportion to the population of France. Berlin may be called anything between 4 and 5 per cent (it is certainly not 6 per cent) of the Reich which it administers. London holds at least 14 per cent and probably nearer 16 per cent of the population of the island.

STILL more important is the social value of London—the weight London carries in the *direction* of opinion and, what is equally important, in the general *mass* of opinion. It used to be said that Paris was France. It is much more true that London is Great Britain. Public information derives from and is concentrated upon, London. There is not in theory the same centralization of political power in the capital as there is in most continental countries, but we all know that, in reality, London is the reservoir which receives all influence whether of wealth or of office and whence all influence flows.

London has for centuries been not only the main port, but overwhelmingly the largest port of the island: which island lives by commerce. Today London is the main port of entry for a form of goods more vital now than any other, food. Even more important than being the main gateway through which our sustenance passes, it is the main market wherein the exchange of that sustenance is decided. In other countries, where agriculture plays a larger part, the urban areas are usually the masters, but here they are everything; and there is no urban area amid all our dense mass of townland comparable to London. The enemy, in concentrating upon London, in attempting to throw London into disarray, is certainly aiming at the heart.

But to aim is not to attain; and the effect he has so far achieved is not

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comparable to the magnitude of his intention. He has destroyed buildings, but not upon a scale which interrupts the general life of London. He has not come within any appreciable distance of his ultimate goal, even in this limited field. As to the price he has paid for this second effort at victory we cannot judge that until the present action is completed. But it is already an exceedingly high price. His first effort at a final decision was the air battle of August and ended on August 18, with his defeat.

It is because the results of that battle disappointed him that he now turns to another scheme. His first plan was to establish mastery in the air by his superiority in numbers and to do so in one major charge. That charge was broken; and meanwhile there has been further preparation and further increase in what must become, short of a very proximate decision, the manifest superiority of this country in air power and, with that superiority, a decision at last against our enemies.

THE effort against London still proceeds. It is too early as yet to define at all exactly the limits of its failure. But we note the steady stream of the enemy's losses in trained pilots and crews and their very high proportion to the total possible number of such experts at his disposal. The whole world is noting this as well as we, and that is why its judgment of the struggle is changing.

THE UNDERGROUND OPPOSITION

Propaganda is a remarkable feature of anti-Nazi activity. Printers work secretly at night at opposition leaflets. They go from hand to hand; they are placed in letter-boxes; they are found on the streets and in parks.

During the interval of a recent performance held by the Nazis in Berlin's biggest theater, the "Theater des Volkes," while the audience was in the foyer, some thousands of copies of a pamphlet headed *Adolf Hitler, Our Leader*, were brought in and left on a table together with a poster announcing that they were obtainable free of charge.

Those who had brought them in disappeared, and by the time it was found that the contents of the pamphlet were really anti-Nazi there were very few left for the officials to collect. An attempt to recover the missing copies met with little success.

While strict black-out regulations were being observed in Germany and the occupied territories, new anti-Nazi slogans were found every morning on the walls in the large towns.

—*Reynolds News*, London

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Between the Axis and Soviet Russia, the nation may be driven from Europe

Turkey Again in the Middle

By CHARLES M. MEISTER

FEAR of her geographically closest and greatest friend gripped Turkey in mid-November at a time when spectacular successes of two other friends, Greece in the snowy mountains and Great Britain in the blue waters of the Eastern Mediterranean, had thrust back the grasping claws of Italy's land and naval forces. Behind the ominous silence regarding Turkey which characterized the communiqué issued in Berlin at the conclusion there of the visit of Soviet Commissar Molotov, leaders in Ankara saw the possibility of a German-Soviet agreement to take control of the Dardanelles.

Once more Russia appeared as a great bear whose arms could crush in embrace even when its claws were not in use. Each success of the British and the Greeks revived the slow-dying hope that the poorly organized but massive strength of the Soviet Union might in the end be brought to the aid of the alliance promising continued independence and territorial integrity to Turkey. But each sign of German-Russian collaboration, however vague, made the situation seem more bleak.

Now for the first time the Turkish people face a definite possibility of being driven literally and individually out of Europe. During the century when their then empire, decaying and being broken off bit by bit, was called "the sick man of Europe," they were protected by a balanced rivalry of powers. When alliance with Germany brought them defeat in the first World War, they knew that proposals to amputate their last remaining bit of territory in Europe referred only to political control. But a Germany, victorious in the present war, would not hesitate to force the last Turk over into Anatolia.

And if the occasion arose the Soviet Union might do the same.

Explanation for the hesitant attitude adopted by the Turkish Government when Italy attacked Greece may

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be found in this knowledge as much as in the reservation, concerning the attitude of Russia, which was Turkey's escape-clause in its pact pledging assistance to Great Britain in a war involving the Eastern Mediterranean. The Turks themselves sent Greeks out of Asia Minor after the unofficial Turko-Greek war which followed the war of 1914-18. They have seen Germany recall its own racial elements from the Lower Tyrol and from the Baltic States.

In Anatolia a realism based on a long and often bitter experience tends to curb any vainglory of emotional gestures, although swashbucklers may be found in the Turkish army, as elsewhere. The Italians, the Russians, the Germans and the British have been involved in Turkish history in such peculiar ways as to suggest contradictory ideas to present-day Turks, but the main historical implications are clear-cut.

With straight faces and a sincerity founded on self-interest, the Turks in 1939 accepted the British offer of a mutual-assistance agreement. Some of them remembered that their devotion to horses and the land had led British aristocrats to describe them as "the gentlemen of the Near East." Others did not fail to recall the way in which Thomas Carlyle's "the unspeakable Turk"—a phrase coined in 1877—re-echoed throughout the British Empire.

They were also very serious when they insisted that nothing should involve them in war with the Soviet Union. But behind the exceptionally friendly relations which have existed between Russia and Turkey for the past twenty years there remained the fact, never forgotten by an educated Turk, that Russia saw the advantages of taking Constantinople a long time before Germany began to talk about the Berlin-Baghdad railway and the *Drang nach Osten*. The traditional Turkish greeting, *"Salaam Aliakum"*—"peace be with you"—has never obscured a recognition of the need to keep one's powder dry.

Even before the war started Germany showed the importance it again attached to Turkey as a gateway to the oil of the Near East and a passage to the Suez Canal by sending Franz von Papen there as envoy. This master of intrigue found some persons of influence willing to listen to tales of glories to be recaptured.

But in greater number were those who remembered similar dream material coming from the north in 1914. These were strengthened when Moscow signed its pact with Berlin. The entrance into the war of Italy, a country which Turkey has always eyed with misgivings, was as conclusive as anything could be in the midst of a war the issue of which was still uncertain.

Historically, the Turks arrived in Europe later than any other people, but they were established there well before America was discovered. Like Germany today, they once were cast in the rôle of an almost invincible threat to civilization. They have been reduced to a harmless small nation. Thus they are better prepared than most peoples to look with a skeptical eye upon German dreams of permanent empire. They've been through all that. And they are not likely to be over-impressed by "secret weapons" and ultra-modern methods of warfare. The Turks met and overcame surprises of that sort long ago,

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and they provided some of their own.

Such incidents are a part of the climax of the story of Constantinople, which the Turks call Istanbul and which was Byzantium when the Emperor Constantine, for strategic reasons, decided to make it a capital. This ancient city, possibly soon a target for bombers, has been besieged often, and has fallen twice. With one exception, its inhabitants were safe behind its walls until the Turks took it in 1453.

THIS exception is of current interest because it was brought about by a sort of German-Italian axis of the Franks and Venetians who led the Fourth Crusade. The Franks had the best fighters, but the Venetians got the most loot. St. Mark's in Venice owes some of its stones as well as its style to Byzantium.

Softened by 874 years of freedom from capture, Constantinople fell like a small democracy when the crusaders attacked it in 1204. Its government fled, the opulent capital was stripped of treasures, and for fifty-seven years a so-called Latin Empire held sway. When the Byzantine Empire was reestablished, it looked to its defenses, and held out for just short of 250 years more.

The Turks, already arriving out of Central Asia, became the great danger to Constantinople and to Europe. So general was the alarm that Italians joined in the final, futile defense of the Byzantine capital. By 1359 the Turks ruled all Asia Minor, but Constantinople remained free for nearly 100 years longer.

As early as the tenth century, Byzantine chemists had developed their own secret weapon, "Greek fire," a means of hurling flames from tubes. This was used to good effect in early naval warfare against the Turks. But it was of no avail in the end. This was delayed for fifty years because the Turks, ready to attack Byzantium in 1402, were forced to abandon the plan when they were assailed from the rear by Tamerlane. When the final siege came, the Byzantine Greeks were no better prepared than were the Norwegians last spring. The Turks were just as thoroughly prepared, and relatively just as advanced in methods, as were the Germans.

But the Byzantine rulers were not taken by surprise. They had plenty of time to appeal in advance for the aid of Western civilization. They were sent 3,000 Italian soldiers, and that was all. Possibly this was partly due to the fact that High Admiral Notares had been quoted as saying that he would rather see "the turban of the Turk in the capital than the tiara of the Latin."

The aging seat of empire, which had resisted so much longer than Rome, was so weakened that only its splendid defensive position made it possible to withstand for fifty-three days. Following the long occupation by crusaders, its population of 1,000,000 had been reduced to 60,000. Diminishing trade and the plague were blamed.

Along with the 3,000 Italians there were only 5,000 Greek fighters to man the walls, a task which called for 24,000 men. Outside, hungry for plunder, were 150,000 Turkish soldiers with 50,000 camp followers, most of whom would be classed today as noncombatant soldiers.

In addition, the Turks had supe-

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rior weapons and a store of ingenuity. When their 300 to 500 attacking vessels were prevented from approaching the besieged capital by water, they brought a sufficient number overland around the barrier, constructing a sort of railway for this purpose.

In the first effective use of artillery ever made, the Turks in this siege brought forward the great-grandmother of the "Big Bertha." It was a bronze cannon 26 feet long and 88 inches around at its largest part. It could hurl a stone ball weighing 1,200 pounds. In addition, the Turks had brought up 200 smaller cannon.

BOTH the defenders and the critics of the decision to surrender and remain a prisoner, made last summer by King Leopold of the Belgians, could find an example to support their views in the conduct of the last Greek Emperor, Constantine XI Dragases Palaeologus.

Advised early in the siege to go into exile, he replied: "What would the world say of me? Ask me to remain with you! I am ready to die with you."

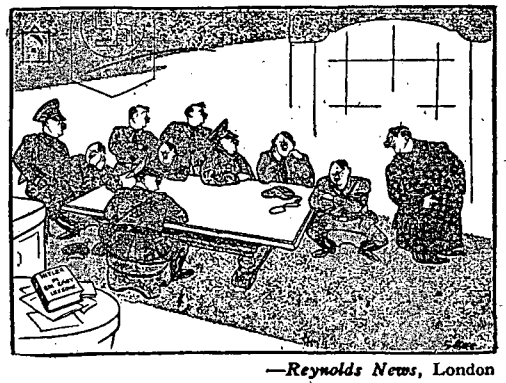
When the Turks came pouring through a breach in the wall, the Emperor cried: "The city is taken and I am still alive." Then he rushed upon a group of invading soldiers, and was killed.

Refugees from Byzantium spread through Europe, contributing to the revival of culture in the West, but the civilization which had centered in Constantinople was dead, and it could no more be brought to life again than could the body of Constantine XI.

Yet it was weirdly grafted on the culture of Russia, already much influenced in religion and architecture by Byzantine models. Sophia, a niece of Constantine, married Ivan III of Muscovy, and introduced in his court the customs of the Byzantine monarchy. The Kremlin was built in Moscow in 1480 as an imitation of the destroyed Great Palace of Constantinople.

If the Soviet leaders, either through agreement with Germany or in the confusion following a German defeat in the present war, should take Istanbul, they would be returning to the seat of the old religion and culture which twentieth century Russia renounced. They also would be carrying to achievement a dream which began in 941, when Russians unsuccessfully besieged Constantinople.

After the Turks captured Byzantium and began their long threat to occupy Europe, the Russians first appeared prominently in the same rôle they have accepted in 1939-40, scavengers after German armies. The Ottoman power was curbed first by Germany, under an Austrian Emperor, and then by Italy, again represented by Venice. Although a Spaniard commanded the fleet which defeated the Turkish forces in the Battle



—*Reynolds News*, London

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of Lepanto, 1571, Venice was the prime mover in an alliance fostered by Pope Pius V, who gave ships and money to help the effort to curb Ottoman power in the Eastern Mediterranean. But two years later Venice signed a separate peace, leaving Spain to fight on alone.

Turkey revived somewhat, but was never again so strong at sea. In the same way, Turkish land power, hurled back from before Vienna in 1529, never regained its former vigor, although a second Turkish siege of Vienna occurred in 1683.

Under Peter the Great, Russia got its first slice of Turkey in 1695, when the Emperor Leopold of Austria was pressing back the Turks. Peter took Azov, a Black Sea port from which he hoped eventually to move on to Constantinople. Sixteen years later Turkey regained Azov by freeing a Russian army captured in a war promoted by King Charles XII of Sweden.

By the end of the first quarter of the nineteenth century, Turkish internal decay had become such that the Greek and other Christian subjects of the Ottoman Empire were able to revolt with some hope of success. And that, of course, started a fascinating chain of events leading directly up to the present situation in the Balkans.

The Holy Alliance, arranged by Russia to preserve the *status quo* existing after the defeat of the French Revolution and Napoleon I, was broken up by the Greek revolt. The Austrian Chancellor, Metternich, could no longer get Britain to support him in opposing any change.

France, Russia and Great Britain agreed to assure Greek autonomy. They sent a joint fleet to the Bay of Navarino, and wiped out the Turco-Egyptian fleet on October 20, 1827. This led to a war in which Russia, defeating Turkey, secured partial independence for Serbia and Rumania as well as Greece.

The next stage of the eternal struggle produced not only a change of partners but also a situation which may be duplicated at the end of the present war, possibly permitting Turkey to retain Constantinople and the Dardanelles whoever wins. Russia wished to divide the Ottoman Empire with Great Britain, taking Constantinople for herself. Because of his very weakness, Britain preferred to have the Sultan retain the city.

Nevertheless, Tsar Nicholas I forced a war with Turkey. Great Britain, backing the Sultan, was joined by Napoleon III, who apparently entered the fray for fun. Thus the mid-nineteenth century saw the Crimean War, certainly as curious as any ever fought. The Turks, whose interests were most at stake, fought not at all but won the peace. The French, whose interests were not involved, did most of the fighting. Nicholas, who started it all, died. His son, Alexander II, believed in appeasement.

In 1877 Russia went to war against Turkey on behalf of Slav peoples in the Balkans. Getting an army to within sight of Constantinople, Russia prepared to dominate the Balkans by setting up a very large Bulgaria as a new country. This time supported by Austria, England once more rushed to the aid of the Sultan. At the Congress of Berlin, Russia was forced to modify its demands on Turkey. Bulgaria became a small country. The Balkans remained a tinder box.

At the beginning of the present

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century Russia, defeated in the East by Japan, found Austria, strongly backed by Germany, gaining dominant influence at Constantinople. She turned immediately to France and Great Britain. In view of the conflicts aforementioned, this entente was as surprising as the Soviet pact with Germany in 1939. In one case as in the other, Russia's unexpected action was soon to lead England and France into war with Germany.

No sooner had Russia signed a new treaty with Great Britain than the Young Turk revolution of 1908 facilitated German penetration of Turkey and made it convenient for Austria to annex Bosnia and Hertzegovina. Serbia wanted to fight Austria on this issue, but first France and England, then Russia, insisted on appeasement. With Turkey still in revolutionary ferment, Italy seized Tripoli (Libya) in 1911-12.

The Balkan wars and the first World War are too fresh in most minds to call for any recapitulation. It need only be emphasized that in 1914 Russia backed Serbia and Germany supported Austria because of rivalry over Turkey and countries carved from Turkey.

THESE historical facts, taken as a whole, throw considerable light on the position of Turkey when Italy invaded Greece a few weeks ago. The Soviet Union and Turkey were supposed to be friends. But this friendship had started at a time when the Moscow Government, while preaching world revolution, was stern in its condemnation of "imperialistic" grabbing of territory. But in twelve months the Soviet Union, in the wake of Germany and more or less in agreement with Germany, had made grabs which would have delighted any Tsar.

Turkey, refraining from going to the immediate aid of Greece against Italy, had ample reason to suppose that Russia, having revived its appetite for the bogs of Eastern Poland, must have remembered its 1,000-year-old hunger for Constantinople and the Dardanelles. Turkey could have no doubt whatever of German and Italian ambitions to take everything not storm-lashed.

Its interests, therefore, seemed to be nearer those of Great Britain than they had been when London and Ankara signed their mutual assistance pact in the summer of 1939, because that was before the new Russian imperialism had been revealed. But Great Britain was in no position to undertake extensive operations in the Near East. If Turkey went to the aid of Greece, which in any case seemed to be giving a remarkable account of itself, Germany almost certainly and perhaps Russia also might move toward the Bosporus.

Can there be much wonder that Turkey temporized? If the worst came, Turkish soldiers would be fighting on their own soil. There they are at their best, as Winston Churchill learned during the Gallipoli campaign in the war of 1914-18.

But if involvement may be held off long enough, the war may end in general exhaustion, or a new balance of power might arise which would permit Turkey to retain Constantinople and the Dardanelles, rather than risk an upset by trying to decide what other country should have it. In this respect, weakness has been Turkey's strength more often than not.

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An Englishman sees us as having a mercurial attitude toward world affairs

The Rise and Fall of Isolationism

By W. L. BURN

Nineteenth Century and After, London Independent Monthly

IT IS not a difficult thing for people in this country to note the existence of certain forces and opinions in the United States. It is much more difficult to gauge their intensity and to forecast their duration, for the history of the country is littered with the monuments of movements, from Know-Nothingism to National Prohibition, which in their day seemed so vigorous as to be a permanent part of American life. We under-estimate, in fact, the extreme receptivity—which is almost the same thing as saying the changeableness—of the American mind. A few years ago we were inclined to treat isolationism as the fad of a few benighted men in the Middle West. Just as a little dispute between old friends may be made up over a drink or a meal so, we thought, isolationism would vanish as soon as the drums of Anglo-American friendship and democracy were beaten. Only when the Americans, not content with holding their ideas, proceeded to embody them in such legislation as the Johnson Act and the Neutrality Act, did we begin to take them seriously. Then, flying to the other extreme, we began to take them rather too seriously. We assumed that isolationism was not only supported by a huge and compact majority, but possessed also a coherent philosophy which separated it sharply from every other foreign policy. Our public men told us that if we attempted propaganda in the United States we would do ourselves no good; would, on the contrary, do ourselves untold harm. By default we accorded to isolationism a status different from that of other foreign policies: it was not compounded of the usual elements of such policies; it was a moral idea springing clear and single from the American soul.

The three main ideas in American foreign policy have been what we may call, for want of better terms, imperialism, isolationism and internationalism. Before we begin to use these terms we should notice that they are not mutually exclusive. An imperialist

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can also be an isolationist. Lord Beaverbrook's "Empire Crusade" was a sort of imperialist isolationism. The movement which we are examining in this article might more properly be described as "non-imperialist isolationism." Internationalism, again, may be linked with imperialism, if it is co-operation with Britain against Germany. If it is co-operation with the Latin-American republics it may merge either into imperialism or into a grander form of isolationism.

Still, the terms, overlapping though they are, will have to serve. The contest between imperialism and anti-imperialism is as old as the American nation. One is made synonymous with offensive, the other with defensive action. When President Hoover said in 1931: "The first necessity of our Government is the maintenance of a navy so efficient and strong that, in conjunction with our army, no enemy may ever invade our country. . . . Ours is a force of defense, not offense . . .," he was giving expression to a platitude dear to the American mind. For had not Washington declared that "Europe has a set of primary interests which to us have none or a very remote relation"?

But, however much these reflections might appeal to the ordinary man (particularly if he did not live on the Atlantic seaboard), the course of American history showed that they did not appeal greatly to men in power. The Whigs had been traditionally in favor of a "strong" foreign policy and W. H. Seward had been a Whig before he became a Republican. He succeeded in acquiring Alaska but the Senate refused to approve his plans for buying the Danish West Indies and acquiring a naval base in Santo Domingo. The second of these plans was pressed by President Grant on a variety of grounds—strategic, geographical and economic—but without success. It was not until the late 'nineties that the flower of American imperialism reached its rich and sudden blooming. The issues between the alternative foreign policies were explicitly stated. One Senator declared that nothing in the country's past or in the necessities of the present called upon it "to step off this continent in a career of colonial aggrandizement." Senator Lodge replied with the explicit declaration that without sea power no nation had ever been really great. He added that sea power meant, in the first place, an adequate naval force and, in the second, suitable naval bases. From another side the same argument was reinforced. The country's exports were coming to consist of a larger proportion of manufactured goods and a smaller proportion of natural products. But the discriminatory tariffs which were becoming popular in Europe threatened the American exporter. A speech by an Austro-Hungarian Minister in 1897 hinted at a general agreement among certain European nations to limit American competition. Thus the United States was compelled, or felt compelled, to increase its interest in Latin America and the Far East. The Philippines were annexed, the principle of the Open Door was enunciated in respect of China. In Cuba the American Government retained the right to establish naval bases and to intervene by armed force in order to maintain the "independence" of the country or to "preserve" the Government. That right has been acted upon in Cuba by the landing on occasion of

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American troops. In Panama, Haiti and Nicaragua there has been similar intervention to protect American interests. Such intervention was not accidental but a necessary outcome of the predominant American philosophy of the day. President Harding announced that the American Navy guarded the security of American citizens all the world over. President Coolidge formulated his views with all his superficial lucidity:

> Our Government has certain rights and duties toward our own citizens and their property wherever they may be located. The person and property of a citizen are part of the general domain of the nation, even when abroad. . . . The fundamental laws of justice are universal in their application. These rights go with the citizen. Wherever he goes the duties of our Government follow him.

If it were necessary, the Secretary of the Navy, Curtis D. Wilbur, was prepared to elaborate the theory with illustrations somewhat alien to Mr. Coolidge's rhetoric:

> An American child crying on the banks of the Yangtze a thousand miles from that coast can summon the ships of the American Navy up that river to defend it from unjust assault. Any nation facing the sea can be called to account by our navy.

The dominant American philosophy of the day had no intention of using this force to support the League of Nations or impose the judgments of the World Court. The ends for which force could be used were to be purely American, to protect American "rights" and "interests," to guard trade routes, to secure the payment of debts, to keep open markets which might be closed by other forms of force. "Foreign policies," as Charles Evans Hughes remarked, "are not built upon abstractions."

The situation was like that of the participants in the three-sided duel described in Marryat's novel. The isolationists and the internationalists, if they did not renounce war altogether, felt that the imperialists resorted to it far too readily. The internationalists and the imperialists deplored a policy which would reduce to a minimum the influence of America in foreign affairs. The isolationists joined the imperialists in regarding interests in non-American affairs as superfluous at best and dangerous at worst. But, although the duel was three-sided, the arms of the duellists were unequal. The internationalists found in Mr. Cordell Hull an exponent of doctrines which could trace their ancestry back beyond Woodrow Wilson to the pacifism and free-trade of mid-Victorian days. But the failures of the League of Nations in regard to China, Abyssinia and Spain showed one limitation of this outlook: the fact that Mr. Hull, despite his hatred of tariffs, has barely been able to scratch the shining wall of the Hawley-Smoot Act, showed the other limitation.

The main conflict, however, has been between the isolationists and the imperialists. The post-1929 depression has had two effects. It has greatly reduced that volume of foreign trade which the imperialists sought to protect; it has lessened the purchasing power of customers to whose ports the Navy was to secure the way. More important still, it has altered the whole basis of American thought. "Dollar diplomacy," it is argued, had failed to enable the American people to build up a stable way of life. More than that, this accumulation of capital that must find its way abroad was

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highly dangerous both to domestic well-being and to international peace. The exponents of this view (for which Charles Beard would prefer the word "continentalists" to "isolationists"), in his own words, "Surrendering shop-worn reliance upon imperialist pressures, money lending and huckstering abroad . . . turned to the efficient, humanistic use of national resources and technical skills as a means of making a civilization on this continent more just, more stable and more beautiful than anything yet realized."

As another writer, Herbert Agar, put it a few years ago in his *What is America?*:

> America's new isolationism, based on the feeling that she has an exigent problem on her hands in putting her own house to order, is even stronger than America's old isolationism based on vulgar pride.

These domestic reasons for isolationism, this urgent desire to avoid foreign commitments in order to be able to refashion American life, have not been appreciated in this country. Isolationism is here regarded as almost entirely the product of friction between different conceptions of foreign relations. That is to overlook what is perhaps its most important source. But it was not, of course, the only source. There were many others, some very much in the nature of things, some almost accidental. America was subject to post-war disillusion, as Europe was. From the beginning of that period she was made to feel that her late entry into hostilities and the subsequent refusal of her Senate to enter the League of Nations had — quite unjustly — deprived her of most of the gratitude which the Allies ought to have rendered her. A little later came the cessation of payment of interest upon the war debts; later still the collapse of that system which American lives and American money had been spent to build up. Publicists depicted war as a hideous amalgam of horror and boredom, planned by chauvinists and directed by morons. "What Price Glory?" screamed the cinema lights; and farmers of the dust-bowl, starving share-croppers, unemployed artisans, who could scarcely find bread, saw very little attraction in glory. The image of the unknown soldier faded before the reality of the known ex-soldier, extorting a few precarious coins from theater queues with his, "Buddy, can you spare a dime?" The entry of the United States into the Spanish-American war provided Mr. Walter Millis with material for his sardonic review of *The Martial Spirit*. The causes of war — of all wars — seemed obvious. The bully, the fool, the fumbling politician, the newspaper proprietor avid for larger sales, each of these contributed his share. As the memoirs of statesmen, soldiers and sailors came pouring from the press, the simple Wilsonian pattern was hopelessly obliterated. The leaders of democracy were transformed into a set of confused and snarling old men, incoherent in thought, paltering in action, hypocrites gambling blindly with the lives of youth.

AROUND one incident in particular, isolationist sentiment crystallized rapidly. In April 1934, the Senate set up a committee to study the munitions industry. It was not the first of several very pertinent

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recent inquiries. In 1931-32 a committee had investigated the sale of foreign bonds and securities in the United States. From the evidence obtained it appeared that these sales were conducted with almost no regard to their economic significance either for the individual investor or for the nation as a whole. So far as the State Department and the Navy lent themselves to affording opportunities for these transactions, so far as there was a "tie-up" between foreign policy and big business, the American public was encouraged to feel that only in a negative and passive foreign policy was there a minimum of danger.

The findings of the Senate committee, over which Senator Nye presided, were published during three years' investigations. They showed the international character of the munitions industry, its willingness to sell even to potential enemies of the United States, its propaganda against armament limitation, its close connection with officers of the fighting services. But the greatest "revelation" was concerned with the financing of Allied purchases in America during the war. It showed how such purchases came as a godsend to the not very prosperous America of 1914; how they were stimulated until American prosperity had risen to a dizzy peak—and had come to be bound up with the fortunes of the Allies; how the necessity of providing facilities for these purchases led to the floating of those immense loans on which interest had ceased. Had it also led to American participation in the war? When Americans read a conclusion of Walter Page's, dated March 6, 1917—"perhaps our going to war is the only way in which our present prominent trade position can be maintained and a panic averted"—they jumped to the belief that it had. The cry of the American child on the banks of the Yangtze had perhaps been less instrumental as a source of foreign policy than the cry, nearer and clearer, of the Wall Street banker.

The result was that the American mind became a mass of suspicion. Appeals to assist the country's foreign trade, to preserve the freedom of the seas, to assist the victims of totalitarian aggression, to save democracy—all these the American regarded as the more or less craftily designed snares to lure him from his safety. If the choice were directly offered—do you prefer neutrality or neutral rights?—he replied that he preferred neutrality. No less an authority than Admiral Sims put the dilemma explicitly in May 1935. "We cannot," he said, "keep out of a war and at the same time enforce the freedom of the seas." When it appeared that Admiral Sims was echoing the views of a large number, perhaps of a majority, of senior naval officers, it seemed clear that the British-Mahan school of naval thought was hopelessly anachronistic. The neutrality legislation of 1935 was the next logical step.

Once set in motion, isolationism gathered force and recruits as it sped on. It drew pacifists from the ranks of the internationalists; its insistence on the necessity for domestic reform attracted a good many workmen and labor organizations; the women's clubs, the peace societies, the innumerable forms of liberalism, took up the movement with enthusiasm. Senator Nye became a national attraction with his lecture on "How I Exposed the

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Munition Makers." Last summer the movement received an additional impetus when the Republican opposition and the anti-Roosevelt Democrats found that it could be turned into an attack on the President.

NEITHER the President nor Mr. Hull had welcomed the neutrality legislation of 1935; nor did they like the evidence provided by the Neutrality Act of 1936 that the tide was still setting in the same direction. In the war between Italy and Abyssinia the President had thrown his moral influence into the scale against Italy. On the other hand, the application of the neutrality legislation to the Spanish Civil War, with its unfortunate consequences to the Spanish Government, was a deliberate withdrawal from the policy of offering to the democracies what aid could be offered within the law. The law itself, however, was soon afterwards changed again by the Neutrality Act of 1937 which, by giving the executive a wide discretion in the goods of which the export to belligerents might be prohibited, added very markedly to his personal control of foreign policy. In the same year, war began between China and Japan. In this case the neutrality legislation was not applied. The policy of the administration shifted between encouragement to American citizens to withdraw from the Chinese entanglement, and intimations that it would continue to protect them if they remained. As regards the public mind, two things were clear. It was exceedingly difficult to make Americans neutral in thought, whatever you might make them in act; and it was impossible, without application of the Neutrality Act, to prevent the shipping of war materials to belligerents who could pay for them. The Japanese orders, in particular, were useful to offset the recession into which business had once more fallen.

In October 1937, the President delivered at Chicago his famous "quarantine" speech, in the course of which he pointed out that "the peace, the freedom and the security of 90 per cent of the population of the world were being jeopardized by the remaining 10 per cent." The American reaction to the speech was generally unfavorable, but, in January 1938, the President sent to Congress proposals for a great increase in armaments, particularly naval armaments, the basis of a large conscript army and the concentration in the executive of the materials for, and the adjuncts to, war. In the face of drastic criticism in the House and the Senate very little but the naval proposals finally reached the stage of legislation.

The Navy Bill produced a curious alignment of opinion. Although the Democratic whip was cracked, there was less enthusiasm for the Bill among many of the President's own followers than there was among the newspaper editors and columnists who, during this and the previous administration, had given the New Deal (and still more the New Dealers) the benefit of their unsparing criticism. Still, provision for a "super-super-navy" had been made; and even though it was obvious that such a navy would be larger than any likely to be necessary for "defense," Congress had accepted such a force.

The Munich crisis naturally produced a reaction in favor of isolation-

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ism. American intervention in favor of democracy seemed fatuous if its professed friends in Europe were willing to do so little for it. But when it appeared that the ultimate crisis had only been postponed and that appeasement had been merely the cry of the ostrich, people in the United States began once more to question the intellectual and moral foundations of isolationism. Many writers, Carleton Beals chief among them, had been preaching the extent of totalitarian domination in South America; and the public was inclined to pass over declarations of the State Department directed there which, had they been explictly addressed to Europe, might have been criticized as interventionist.

Isolationism was losing somethng of its appeal as a moral doctrine. It was less often presented as the only possible conclusion to be drawn from the geographical position of the United States. Rather, it was presented as a laudable economy in lives and effort. An American army and navy were superfluous in the European conflict; particularly in one which seemed to be moving at a snail's pace, and in which comparatively small forces, acting on the defensive, could destroy enormous numbers of attackers. Polls of public opinion recorded a belief among 67 per cent of those questioned that the Allies would win without American help.

Nebulous doctrines such as appeasement and isolationism cannot easily be destroyed by argument, but they are fatally vulnerable to the shock of events — the invasion of Czechoslovakia, or Belgium, or Holland. Though the "British-Mahan" school of thought had been attacked often enough, it did in sober fact lie at the bottom of American economic thinking. It was easy to make light of totalitarian penetration in Salvador or Guatemala so long as the combined navies could keep the seas. But what if the United States Navy was left alone with the whole of the Western Hemisphere to defend on both coasts? It was easy to regard American life and institutions as safely insulated from Europe; but the events of March onwards showed the ferocious intensity of the German revolution as a military weapon and the paralyzing effects of fifth columnists.

NOTHING save the capitulation of Britain is likely to avert American intervention in the war. As we have noted, the three doctrines of imperialism, isolationism and internationalism were not divided by any rigid limits. They were fluid, and public opinion could run through the whole gamut of them without fundamental intellectual change. This circumstance, from which isolationism derived much of its strength, is now a source of weakness to it. It is not within the scope of this article to predict the form and date of intervention, or even to say whether it will come in time. The accident of election year is fearfully unfortunate for the British cause. As an American friend of the writer put it, the situation of his country is like that of a man suffering from a duodenal ulcer which will demand an operation before long, but momentarily more troubled by some small ailment such as a toothache. One thing, however, is certain: isolationism is now only one policy among others; it has ceased to be a sacred dogma.

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In Britain's air force is seen a reflection of the nation's character

Tribute to the R. A. F.

By HECTOR BOLITHO

***London Calling*, Overseas Journal of the British Broadcasting Corporation**

MILLIONS of people did not discover the Royal Air Force until the war began. Airdromes made the countryside ugly and aircraft were noisy intruders. All this changed last summer. With a flash of courage, the pilots of the Royal Air Force caught the imagination of the world and, almost every day since we heard Mr. Chamberlain say over the wireless, "This country is at war with Germany," there has been some story of combat in the air to quicken our blood and to strengthen our faith in victory. The total of our day's hope is the total of enemy aircraft brought down by our pilots.

To those of us who have been associated with the Service for many years, these achievements are not in the least surprising. To us, the Royal Air Force is not a new, young Service, suddenly plunged into glamour and fame because we happen to be at war. We see all this as the natural result of twenty-five years of building. The Royal Air Force already has tradition, and sons of pilots who fought in the last war are taking their place in this . . . flying in the same squadrons. People must not think of the Service as a multitude of pilots. It is also a school for character. It was because of this character that I gave my faith to the Royal Air Force ten years ago.

My first association with the Service was in Ma'an, in Trans-Jordan, a station set in the heart of the lonely desert. The country is well known to everybody who has read Lawrence's *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*. I lived in a white, fortress-like house, near to the Air Force Station. It was a stretch of country in which water was precious, in which ice was more attractive than diamonds. There was no escape for the individual. He had to be at his best. This little colony of pilots, armored car drivers, and ground staff, gave me my first key to the spirit which inspires the Royal Air Force.

The key was given to me in two incidents. One morning, a pilot arrived in the mess after flying from Egypt.

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Some mechanical trouble had forced him to land, and while the fitters and riggers were working on his aircraft, he joined us in the mess for a gin and lime, our favorite tipple. Before he left to fly off again, I talked with him and remarked on his confidence in the work that was being done for him. I remember that he said, "But that is the wonderful thing about it. The sergeant in charge probably doesn't know who I am. But I have absolute trust. . . . I know that the job will be done well and that I can fly off . . . well, without any doubt."

Later that afternoon, I was wandering about the station and I met the sergeant who had been in charge of the work on the aircraft. Cautiously, to find out what he thought about it all, I told him what the officer had said. He answered me quickly. "Oh, but think of what we feel! He arrives here and really places his life in our hands. . . . It's a sort of faith in us . . . one just has to do one's best work."

I offer this story as a light on the relationship which exists between officers and men in the Royal Air Force —and I can say that after ten years' experience of the Service, with disappointments, travels in other countries, diversions of a hundred kinds, I still believe in that first experience. I believe that today, with 10 per cent of the personnel of the Service in the air and the other 90 per cent doing the less magnificent work on the ground, this faith between men working together explains the imagination, courage and guts which have made it possible for the Royal Air Force to write a story across the skies of England which will cast a spell over all who come after us.

During the next four months, I lived near to another Royal Air Force station, at Amman. No other span of my life has given me such lively memories. I lived with the Amir Abdullah, in his fantastic palace. I lived as an Arab, separate from the English colony, which was four miles away; but I was also a member of the Royal Air Force mess. This meant that my life was cut in two. On the one side were the sleepy, tranquil hours with the Amir. On the other were the violent, stimulating hours with the Service. I would fly over Jericho and along the edge of the Dead Sea. I would dip down and see the ripples on the surface of Galilee or watch the tall cypresses at Nazareth, from 2,000 feet. Or, at night, I would fly up toward a fabulous saffron moon, suspended over Jerusalem . . . and then creep back into the strange stillness of the Arabian Palace, with the Circassian guards under my window, the little wizened man from Mecca bringing me my morning coffee, and the Amir lifting his slim hands in emphasis as he told me some story of his boyhood.

IT WAS in this muddle of influences that I learned my next lesson in appreciation of the Royal Air Force. The officers and men decided to produce *Journey's End* and I was asked to play the part of Hardy. You may imagine what fun it was, producing a play in the heart of Trans-Jordan. But there was another pleasure. During those rehearsals, I saw the officers and men of the Service working together, in leisure. There was authority without intimidation: confidence without obsequiousness. I think that the Service taught them a rare kind of tolerance. They remained in-

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dividuals: there was no scoffing at the next man because his ideas were different or his habits eccentric.

I have found this all through the Service. Instead of crushing individuality, the Royal Air Force tends to develop each man's special talents and thoughts so that there is really no Service type. I have never known a pilot who was a bore. Alone, they all become clear cut. Amman found room for a Squadron-Leader who played Beethoven in his bedroom and, next to him, a Flight-Lieutenant who kept ducks. There was one who had brought a lion cub from the Sudan. It lived a friendly existence in his room, until it became aware of the strength of its own claws. There was one whose daily habit was to put on a smart London suit and drive out to tea. There was another who wrote verse. His greatest friend was a tough, enormous pilot whose favorite trick was to pour a pool of water into the leather seat of his neighbor's chair in the dining-room before he sat down. They lived together and appreciated their differences instead of resenting them. That is what they taught me. I left Amman, after four months, with my pomposity knocked out of me.

Four years ago, a peaceful farm near to my house in Essex was taken over by the Air Ministry and made into an airdrome. My farmer neighbor disappeared, with his plough and his dogs, and the broad stretch of land was sown with new grass. On the edge, familiar brick buildings rose in strength rather than beauty. Most of the people about me resented the change. Old ladies who now welcome the sight of Hurricanes over their garden resented them strongly then. And the indignation of our big landowner when he was ordered to cut down some trees was frightening to see. The county may have lost a little of its beauty and quiet through the advent of the Royal Air Force. But it also gained some valuable lessons. The pilots came. They drove their cars a little dangerously, and when they gave a party, it *was* a party. They shook us out of our lethargy and prepared us for what has happened since.

The farm of four years ago has become the battlefield of today. The fears and hopes of the surrounding community are centerd upon that airdrome, and the conquests of the pilots are talked of in the public houses with a curious, personal interest. The pilots are known by name, and when there is an air raid the farmers go out into the fields and watch the battles, with the honest realization that their lives depend upon the result.

BUT it is not merely through flying and victory over the enemy that these pilots inspire confidence among the people in the surrounding country. Behind these actions lie the traditions of a Service. This is the truth which we may overlook as we read of the combats in the air. I think it is deeply important for everybody to realize that the ninety men upon the ground are vital to the ten who fly, and that the stimulating figures to which we listen each day, on the wireless, are the achievement of the Service as a whole and not only of the men who pilot the aircraft. The victories of our Hurricanes and Spitfires over the enemy are not only battles depending upon skill. They are the outward expression of character which makes us realize that we are concerned in a crusade rather than a war.

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St. Pierre and Miquelon are in dire straits, unable to get French aid

France's Two Unhappy Isles

By JEAN LE BRET

Le Jour, Montreal Liberal French-Language Daily

(Editor's note: Last month President Roosevelt warned the Vichy régime, following the conference between Marshall Pétain, chief of state, and Chancellor Hitler, that the American nations—signatories to the Havana Convention early this year—might be forced to occupy French possessions in this hemisphere if "collaboration" between defeated France and the victorious Reich threatened a change in sovereignty of those possessions. Of great importance among these, from a strategic viewpoint, are the islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon.)

A FEW miles to the south of Newfoundland are located the islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon, which are the last colonies of France in North America. They were first occupied by the French in 1660 and were fortified in 1770. Throughout the eighteenth century they were the source of repeated quarrels between the French and British but, after changing hands several times, in 1814 they became permanently French under the terms of the Treaty of Paris.

The total area of these islands is less than a hundred square miles. Grande Miquelon is some twenty miles long, and between seven and eight miles in width. Petit Miquelon is half that area. The soil of the two Miquelons is arable but, even so, there are only a few poor farms on these islands, and the crops of potatoes and other vegetables are insufficient to feed the natives. St. Pierre is nothing more than a rocky island, but it possesses a well-protected harbor. It is on St. Pierre that most of the islands' population lives—about 3,500 of a total of some 5,000.

This population derived its subsistence by deep-sea fishing, mostly of cod. Aside from that, the islands served as a base for the fishing fleets on the Grand Banks off Newfoundland, some of them coming from the waters of Brittany and Normandy.

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In other days, they enjoyed an artificial prosperity during the ten years of Prohibition in the United States, when St. Pierre and Miquelon served as bases for the operations of liquor smugglers. A few of the natives piled up big fortunes in this traffic.

In fact, there was such prosperity for St. Pierre and Miquelon that the colonial administration, about fifteen years ago, became madly extravagant with its tax income and constructed an enormous warehouse for the storage of fish, together with modern refrigerator equipment and machinery to pulverize fish into fertilizer. This enterprise, which cost about twenty million francs, was soon abandoned, but it is still there, rapidly deteriorating into rust. It was never used except to store Scotch whiskey. Once constructed, no one in the islands' administration considered organizing a cooperative for its use.

SINCE the repeal of Prohibition, in 1933, the islands have once again known lean times. The fishing industry has declined. The colony was able to survive only by means of subsidies from Paris. Since the outbreak of the second World War, and more particularly since the capitulation of the French Government to the Nazis, this support has ceased. It no longer has any communication with Paris, of course. There is no money, no employment, and most of the inhabitants are idle and miserable.

Today, all that represents France's one-time might is the superannuated naval despatch boat *Ville d'Ys*, with a crew of 130. Early in the war this frail craft steamed for the Antilles with the intention of intercepting German tankers. But these tankers, flying the flag of Panama, were able safely to pass under the noses of the *Ville d'Ys* crew, and forlornly this craft returned to St. Pierre to wait out the war.

The French civilian authority is represented by one administrator, one judge and six gendarmes. Its authority is somewhat academic, since it has no longer any contact with Paris —and since Paris is in the hands of the enemy. The civilian authority has the herculean task of providing subsistence for the inhabitants. Aside from the native population of 5,000, there is today an additional 2,000 made up of the crews of fourteen great trawlers now anchored at St. Pierre with a total cargo of 15,000 long tons of cod. These trawlers, incidentally, are modern ships, well equipped with the latest machinery, and they belong to private owners in France. The crews are without instructions from these owners, save that they want twice the price for the cargoes that the cod will bring in the

—*Bataviaasch Nieuwsblad*, Batavia

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market on this side of the Atlantic. Meanwhile, the huge catch is rotting away in the holds of these trawlers.

To nourish this swollen population, money is necessary. But French francs—exchanged nowadays at forty or forty-five to the dollar—are increasingly rare, and there is no foreign exchange in the colony since its inhabitants no longer sell to markets abroad.

NEARBY Newfoundland is almost poorer and barer of necessities that might help out the inhabitants of St. Pierre and Miquelon. And, unfortunately, the population of these islands have never been cordially disposed to their neighbors to the north. At intervals a few inhabitants of Newfoundland arrive at St. Pierre and try to sell sheep or vegetables or old shoes and used clothing; they are little more than beggarly peddlers.

The sole supply of this French colony today is Canada. Recently the French administrator of the islands went to the Dominion to negotiate a loan that would permit St. Pierre and Miquelon to buy Canadian merchandise and food for survival. If Canada grants the loan, her reasons will be more humanitarian than those of possible profit, since the colony can offer no guarantees.

The inhabitants of these unhappy islands are entirely aware that they can hope for nothing from defeated France, to whom they can return only after a British victory. For that reason, they are almost unanimously pro-British. But they would reject any transfer of their sovereignty to Newfoundland—itself in a parlous state and now deprived of its Dominion status—although they would accept the "protection" of the United States or of Canada.

The only adherents of the Vichy régime at the colony are the *Ville d'Ys* officers, whose arrogance is generally disliked. Recently a small Canadian freighter, the *Belle Ile*, arrived at the St. Pierre quayside and asked the French commander of the *Ville d'Ys* to move slightly so that he could come alongside. The naval commander haughtily refused, on grounds that to move his ship would be beneath his dignity. The next day another Canadian vessel arrived with foodstuffs, and the French naval commander was quick to appropriate for his crew of 150 two of three bags of onions which were intended for the native population of 5,000.

Of approximately 800 men of military age on the islands, only 200 are under arms at this time. To a man they are ready to join the de Gaulle forces of "Free France" and the others would certainly do likewise.

SINCE Canada is now solving most of her economic problems by herself, it would seem logical that the Dominion should take the initiative and occupy and administer St. Pierre and Miquelon. Legally, Canada has that right, if only as a measure of defense. It is of the utmost importance that these islands should not be used as a base by Germany from which to threaten the Dominion. The fourteen trawlers, now idle, could be fitted out as minesweepers for the Canadian navy. And certainly even the obsolete *Ville d'Ys* would be of more value to us in our own possession than under Germany's control.

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Eight students of Union Theological Seminary stand by their convictions

Some Choose Jail Rather Than Register

By W. RUSSELL BOWIE

EIGHT students of Union Theological Seminary, New York City, were sentenced on November 14 by Judge Samuel Mandelbaum to terms of one year and one day in Federal prison, for violation of the Selective Service and Training Act of 1940.

These eight young men were part of a group of twenty of the Union Seminary students who on October 10 issued a statement declaring: "After much consideration and prayer, we have come to the conclusion that as Christians we should not co-operate with the Government in any way in regard to the Selective Training and Service Act of 1940." Instead, they proposed to go, on October 16, to their appointed registration places, to decline to fill out the official registration cards and to submit instead a formal explanation of their beliefs and of the reasons for their refusal. They sent copies of their statement and their explanation to 1,500 ministers and church leaders, and released these also to the press.

They had arrived at their decision in independent discussion among themselves. They had not asked the advice of the President of the Seminary, or of members of the faculty. When their statement was made public, groups of them brought copies to individuals on the faculty, "not because we think it will necessarily change your mind, but because we want you to understand something in which we very much believe."

In the whole Seminary, there was immediate recognition of the sincerity of these men. They included some of the finest members of the student body, among them the President of the Student Council and the presidents of two of the three Seminary classes. But, at the same time, a large number of the students and all the faculty disagreed with their judgment and their reasoning. On October 14, the faculty passed this resolution:

"The faculty express their appreciation of the earnest attempt of these students to discover the course which they ought to pursue as Christian citi-

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zens in this confusing day. We recognize that there are circumstances when individuals or groups may deem it necessary to refuse to follow the will of government because to do so would be to deny their religious convictions. But in our judgment refusal to register in accordance with the Selective Service Act does not involve this principle. When the elected representatives of the nation enact a law which takes account of the rights of a minority, they conform to the traditions of democratic government. In this Selective Service Act provision is made for conscientious objectors to participation in military training, and an opportunity is afforded for such objectors to state their views. To refuse to register and supply the government with factual information is to refuse what any government has a right to ask of its citizens. No member of the faculty has advised any student to follow this course of action."

Moved, perhaps, not by this or any other formal argument but by what they regard as the persuasive truth of considerations which they had not fully taken into account before, twelve of the twenty signers of the original statement revised their decision. They determined that they would register; but they wanted none the less to keep their essential solidarity with their fellows who still held to their purpose not to register. They wanted with them, but now by another method, to make their protest against conscription for military service, and to face real cost on behalf of this determination. Some of them decided to resign from the Seminary, thus abandoning exemption as theological students, and to enlist in one of the work camps conducted by the Society of Friends. To the number of six, therefore, they did resign from the Seminary and have gone to the camp at Cooperstown, New York, for manual work and for training in reconstruction services.

Six men, on account of illness or other special causes, could not follow this course; and, having registered, are still at the Seminary. The eight men who have now been sentenced to prison adhered to their original purpose, and on October 16 refused to register.

Thus, through days of much heart-searching and stress, opinions varied; but the spirit of mutual respect in the Seminary was unchanged. The student cabinet put forth this statement:

"In days when the very attempt to carry into action our Christian convictions results in divisive steps, we regard it of high importance to give expression to our unity which lies deeper than all courses of action. Our programs are at best partial expressions of our fundamental loyalty, and we affirm beyond all the divisions of our actions a genuine and far-reaching unity in Christ.

"On Registration Day, some of us will register in support of the Selective Service Act. Some will register, taking their stand within the provisions of the Act, as conscientious objectors. Some will present to government officials a statement of their inability conscientiously to register under the Act.

"We of the student cabinet affirm that, regardless of our disagreements and in some cases of our strong opposition to policies of others, we will hold in respect and reverence those who in sincerity and humility maintain their loyalty to conscience, and will strive through prayer and devo-

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tion in the difficult days ahead to maintain in love the community of the Christian faith."

Meanwhile, what of the eight men who refused to register?

They were promptly indicted for violation of the law. They pleaded guilty to the violation. The Federal District Attorney treated them with much considerateness, and so did the Grand Jury. But, their case was not one which involved eight conscientious individuals alone; it might create a precedent in connection with the whole enforcement by the Government, of the draft. It could not, then, be easily disposed of. On November 6, the men came before Judge Mandelbaum for his verdict and for sentence. He continued the case for another week. When the court reconvened, the Federal District Attorney, Mr. John T. Cahill, stated:

"These eight defendants are charged with a violation of the Selective Service and Training Act of 1940. Their violation constitutes a deliberate refusal to register as required by the Act. . . .

"The defendants place their refusal to register upon grounds of conscience. The 1940 Selective Service Act makes specific provision for conscientious objectors and exempts them from military service. These provisions have been pointed out to the defendants and they have been urged to register and thereafter note their conscientious objection in the manner and form provided by the law. This they have refused to do.

"After the day fixed for registration had passed and prior to their indictment, these defendants were again urged to register by the United States Attorney's office and by the grand jury itself. Right up until the last minute before they were indicted, they were offered the opportunity of complying with the law, even at that late date. They have, however, persisted and they continue to persist in their refusal to register."

Mr. Cahill asked that the "term of the court be kept open," a technical move to make it possible for Judge Mandelbaum to free the young men at any time that they agree to register. This request was granted.

WHAT does it all mean? What values, if any, are in these men's refusal to obey the registration law?

In the first place, there is the evident fact that here were young men trying with an intense honesty to determine what was right, and then to do it. There was courage in that, and a fine unwillingness to ask someone else to be the keeper of their consciences. This effort to work out their decision for themselves had, of course, its risks. If they had taken counsel of some of their friends on the faculty before they committed themselves in a public statement, they might have heard and perhaps accepted the suggestion that their statement was, in part, a clumsy and unconvincing document. For instance, they stated that, "We do not contend that the American people maliciously choose the vicious instrument of war. In a very perplexing situation, they lack the imagination, the religious faith and the precedents to respond in different manner." This verbal setting oneself aside from the rest of the American people and asserting that "they" lack "the imagination, the religious faith" and so forth which the writers of the statement, by contrast, presumably

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possess, sounds like self-righteousness. But there is none of that in these men's spirit. They wrote impetuously, and they needed somebody to improve their English composition; but they are not actually judging anybody else. They are just desperately in earnest to find their own way ahead.

In the second place, these men are ready to pay the price of their convictions. They were in a dilemma, but they were not looking for an easy way out. Some of them faced prison terms for not registering. Others, who did register, have resigned from the Seminary so as not to have special exemption and to stand on the same footing as other young men; and they are taking up hard work in rehabilitation services because they want to *do* something to exemplify the kind of organized good will which they believe to be the only thing that ultimately can crowd out war. That is what they mean when they say that it is "urgent to build in this country and throughout the world a group trained in the technique of non-violent opposition to the encroachments of militarism and fascism."

"But why are they going out of their way to make some kind of martyrs of themselves?" is an impatient question which will surely be asked. "The Government has provided definitely for the recognition of conscientious objectors. So what is all the commotion about?"

To that the students have their answer. It is not a very convincing answer, even to many of their friends. The Seminary faculty, as has been already noted, thinks that they are staking their opposition to militarism not on any clear-cut ground, but on an obscure distinction which the average man will find unintelligible. But these students not only believe that "the war method perpetuates and compounds the evils it purports to overcome: the last World War is a notorious case of the failure of the war system, and there is no evidence to believe that this war will be any different." They believe further that our conscription act "cannot be separated from international conflict of which it is a part and to which it inevitably leads." Consequently, they feel constrained to make their protest now against what they think are the preparatory processes to war.

IF they are wrong, they are ready to pay the penalty of error. But, right or wrong, the witness of men who quietly but resolutely stake much for their convictions may stir other men to think. And there is material for thinking in these recent words of Dr. Arthur E. Morgan, former president of Antioch College and chairman of the Tennessee Valley Authority:

"Public officials, when they deal with a sincere conscientious objector, do well to respect his position, for in his own way he is undertaking to make a contribution to human society which must be made if mankind is not to destroy itself by violence. In 1918 the Allies achieved overwhelming victory in 'the war to end war.' The tragic aftermath of that victory suggests tolerance and respect for those who sincerely and thoughtfully seek a different solution. Most great social advances were begun by a few persons. A wise society will not destroy a minority that, without violence to society, is committed to finding a better way."

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Persons and Personages

'A Real Guy'

By Mallory Browne

World Review, London Topical Monthly

DIPLOMATIC history was made in a Washington broadcasting studio not long ago, when a couple of America's most caustic newspaper columnists introduced the British Ambassador to millions of radio listeners in the United States as "a real guy."

In an interview over the NBC network, Drew Pearson and Robert Allen, two of Washington's best-known and most outspoken correspondents and radio commentators, called Lord Lothian "a very unusual sort of Ambassador in that he is most informal, very human, and just the opposite of some members of the Diplomatic Corps! In fact, in the Press Room, newspaper men give him that blunt but genuine American compliment—they call him 'a real guy.' "

Perhaps some people in Britain may not appreciate just how entirely unprecedented, how important and epoch-making in the history of Anglo-American relations, this really is. The plain truth is that without it the recent accord between Great Britain and the United States, whereby the British fleet received fifty destroyers in exchange for naval bases on British territory in the Atlantic, could never have been achieved. "An epochal and far-reaching act," President Roosevelt called this Anglo-American agreement. Mr. Winston Churchill, Britain's Prime Minister, referred to the "memorable transaction" as a "measure of mutual assistance rendered to one another by two friendly nations in a spirit of confidence, sympathy and goodwill."

Without this "confidence, sympathy, and goodwill," the agreement, with all that it implies for the future of the English-speaking peoples, would never have been possible. That so much confidence and goodwill did exist between England and America at the moment when they were most needed, is due in no small degree to Lord Lothian and his work in Washington.

This work has won steadily increasing praise in the United States. Reports indicated at first that he was doing a difficult job extremely well; then that he had been particularly successful in avoiding criticism. More recently, friends who have come over from Washington, particularly press correspondents, are frankly enthusiastic. "Everybody likes him; he is so essentially human," is the most frequent comment. There is no need now to make any invidious comparisons with the past, but this was not always the case in the British Embassy in Washington. Let it be enough to record that the leading American news magazine, *Time*, usually only too ready to impale Britain and Brit-

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ishers on its unflattering pen, wrote recently:

"Lord Lothian is the most popular British Ambassador Washington has seen since the late great Lord Bryce. If U. S.-British relations should take a wrong turn, it would not be because Britain's Ambassador lived up to the Embassy's recent reputation for unapproachability, swank, disregard of U. S. ways."

Approachable, natural, thoroughly conversant with American ways, Lord Lothian is, in fact, the reverse of the traditional concept of the British diplomatist. He is not a career diplomat. He has been many things in a long and active career. As Philip Kerr, he became one of "Milner's Kindergarten" in Africa, a group of young Oxford graduates, that included the late John Buchan (Lord Tweedsmuir), Governor-General of Canada, Lionel Curtis, Geoffrey Dawson, etc. Here began his preoccupation with federalism, and the idea that some form of federation is the answer to most international problems still constitutes the background of his diplomatic ideas and activity. After several years as editor of the *Round Table*, he became Lloyd George's secretary during the World War. At the Peace Conference he played a big part in drafting the Versailles Treaty. As Under-Secretary of State for India in MacDonald's National cabinet he applied his federalist ideas to framing a Federal Statute for India.

Most persistently, however, he has been a journalist, writing constantly for many American and British reviews, magazines and newspapers. And this has undoubtedly had a lot to do with his popularity in America. A newspaper man himself, he likes newspaper men, understands them and is liked by them—an immensely important point in America where opinion is swayed so largely by newspapers.

Lord Lothian's acquaintance with the United States dates back nearly thirty years when he made the first of many trips to America. As Secretary of the Rhodes Trust from 1925 until his appointment as Ambassador last year, he visited the United States annually, and has been in all but a handful of the forty-eight states. His sound knowledge of the country and its peoples drew from the anything but pro-British weekly, *Collier's Magazine*, this unusual tribute: "Probably no one in England knows America and Americans as well as he does." Furthermore, the magazine, which has a nation-wide circulation running into millions, so far abated its habitual prejudice against England to publish a long and frankly eulogistic article on him under the significant title: *Britain's Best Bet.*

THE secret of all this unwonted friendly comment is Lord Lothian's own friendliness. Informality is the keynote of both his person and his diplomatic methods. A hard worker, he likes his game of golf once a week and—like Winston Churchill—is fond of his forty winks

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after lunch. Under his direction, the British Embassy in Washington, partly, of course, because of the war, has had to be extended to house the staff expanded from a normal forty to over a hundred. To his staff, as to newspaper men, Lord Lothian is always accessible. As much direct contact and as little red tape as possible is his rule. With Secretary of State Cordell Hull he has established close personal relations, and is almost equally intimate with President Roosevelt himself.

It is on the basis of this friendly directness that Lord Lothian has achieved his diplomatic successes in Washington.

Arriving in America, as he did, just a few days before the outbreak of war in 1939, he was soon confronted with several questions of the thorniest kind. At the outset, the sinking of the *Athenia* with many Americans on board, gave him the job of refuting the German charges that "Churchill did it." Before long, the British blockade dug up that oldest Anglo-American bone of contention, the "freedom of the seas." The navicert system combined with the United States neutrality restrictions had hardly disposed of that when it arose in a new form over the opening of American air mails. Feeling ran high over this issue, and when all the facts are known, it will be seen that Lord Lothian's direct methods of personal diplomacy saved a situation that might have become very ugly.

His greatest achievement so far, however, has been the recent agreement whereby Britain received fifty destroyers in return for leasing certain naval bases in the Bahamas to America. Actually, the exchange, though a good bargain for both sides, is undoubtedly destined to prove less important in the long run than the granting, "freely and without consideration," of the lease of bases in Newfoundland and Bermuda. For this act clearly implies the recognition of a common Anglo-American interest in the naval control of the Atlantic. That this recognition of the vital necessity for the closest co-operation between England and the United States finally became politically possible in Washington, is due largely to Lord Lothian's tireless, tactful efforts.

In his public speeches, as well as in his private conversation and public contacts, he has hammered delicately but determinedly at the fundamental point that naval unity between the two English-speaking peoples is indispensable if either nation, and the way of freedom common to both, is to survive.

IN AN address delivered last June at a Yale University Alumni luncheon, which had a big effect in America at the time, but was hardly mentioned in the British press, Lord Lothian drove this point home with particular emphasis and clarity:

"For more than a century the primary line of defense both of the British Commonwealth and the United States has been the command of the seas," he declared.

"That sea system of security is now under challenge—mainly because of the development of air power. . . .

"The outcome of this grim struggle will affect you almost as much as it will affect us. For if Hitler gets our fleet, or destroys it, the whole foundation on which the security of both our countries has rested for 120 years will have disappeared. And one of the

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two navies which have hitherto kept all enemies far from your coasts and from South America will be in the hands of powers which, to say the least of it, are insanely imperialist and not too friendly to your way of government and economics. You will then have only one navy to protect a two-ocean front.

"Moreover, if Hitler beats us, the totalitarian powers will possess airplane-building facilities, naval and ship-building dockyards and industrial resources all over Europe, which will enable them vastly to outbuild your own defensive preparations, whatever they may be, and to do so indefinitely.

"Let me be blunt. The only way in which you can avoid being permanently beaten in the race, so far as armaments are concerned, by the totalitarians is if the armaments and factories of Great Britain and the British Commonwealth, and, if it is still possible, of the French Empire are on your side and not on the side of Hitler and his friends. These are grave facts—very grave. They may thrust themselves into the foreground of decision in a few weeks. It is essential that neither we nor you should entertain illusions about them.

"We in Britain shall certainly fight to the end to defend our country, because the real Maginot Line of defense of the British Commonwealth, as of the Americas, is that Great Britain should continue as an independent power with its fleet based on the British Isles. . . . It is my view that we are standing today not in the outer trenches of our old joint naval defense system, but in the last trenches, and that if those trenches, namely, the British Isles, were taken we should find that there is no effective line to fall back on, as the French have found once the Maginot Line and its extension was turned. . . ."

THERE is no doubt that the clear, fact-facing logic of this and other speeches on the same note paved the way for the recent naval accord between Britain and the United States, and thereby opened up new vistas of possible Anglo-American co-operation in the rebuilding of world peace.

In the radio interview already mentioned, Lord Lothian made plain his conviction that "there is no basis for lasting peace until Europe has been freed from the Gestapo and until Hitler is confronted by a combination of free peoples stronger for defense than Hitler is for aggression."

JAPANESE RAIL-BUILDER

By F. F.

Neue Zürcher Zeitung, Zurich Liberal Daily

THE Japanese Foreign Minister, Yosuke Matsuoka, is, doubtless, next to Prince Konoye the strongest personality of the cabinet which, according to the Japanese press, is to give Japan a new era in its constitutional life.

Matsuoka is looked upon as an unusually clever, energetic and practical man. As president of the South Man-

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churia Railway he deserved well of his country. In this capacity he occupied a position which was perhaps the most important to be awarded by the Japanese Government.

When the Japanese, in 1904, started the war against Russia they took a great risk. But Japan emerged as the conqueror and acquired sovereignty over the Liaotung Peninsula, the southernmost part of Manchuria. It further came into possession of the railway line which led from Port Arthur, Dairen (Dalny) and Newchwang in the south, to the capital Hsingking (formerly Changchun).

The Russians had started this railway. Along its branch lines lie valuable coal and iron mines. The South Manchuria Railway Company, which originally was founded with a capital of 200,000,000 yen, was entrusted with the task of administering the railway itself as well as with the exploitation of the mines. One half of the capital was provided by the Japanese Government, while the other half was taken over by the Japanese public in the form of shares. The enterprise which, in connection with Japan's growing influence in Manchuria, enjoyed an almost miraculous prosperity, had to increase its capital several times. This capital finally reached an amount of 800,000,000 yen, of which again one half was owned by the Japanese Government. Besides this, loans representing about the same amount were contracted. Today, the South Manchuria Railway is worth, at a conservative estimate, more than 2,000,000,000 yen.

When the Japanese took over the Railway they found it in a deplorable state. Besides this, bridges had been destroyed and the mines had been exploited in the most primitive manner. Furthermore, the situation of the farmers in the districts adjoining the Railroad was almost hopeless. Thus, Japan at first regarded this piece of booty with doubtful eyes. However, the strategical importance of Manchuria was, owing to the possibility of a Russian attempt to take this country back, so great that all economic considerations had to be pushed aside. Japan's position had to be strengthened in this new territory as much as possible. Japan regarded as a first step in this direction a widespread colonization by Japanese and active furtherance of all enterprises to be undertaken by these colonists. The Government not only granted the Railroad far-reaching privileges, but also undertook to guarantee the amortization of its loans.

THE South Manchuria Railway, from its very beginning, relegated purely economic interests to a secondary place, when it was necessary to promote Japan's influence on the mainland. Enormous sums were spent to open up the country economically and culturally. Much money was appropriated for schools, for public hygiene, for the improvement of agricultural methods and for the raising of cattle. The administration of the South Manchuria Railway has, since the foundation of Manchukuo, put at the disposal of the new government all its means and the experience gained by its many employes.

The Railroad's transportation system, which now covers all Manchuria, forms also today the backbone of its activities, although these activities have become rather widespread.

Matsuoka supervised personally

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the execution of the Railroad's Ten-Year Plan. This plan entailed the broadening of its rail net by 3,000 miles. Shortly after the former Russian "Chinese Eastern Railway" had been acquired, the South Manchuria Railway also took over the administration of the North Korean Railway. In all larger Manchurian cities, the Railroad manages its own up-to-date hotels; it has its own dining cars, its own laundries, its own motorcar service, etc. In the repair shops of the Railroad, the rolling material is kept in running condition. The biggest of these shops at Dairen, which employs 6,000 workers, also produces modern railroad cars and locomotives. The autobus lines all over Manchuria are under the management of the Railroad.

In the same practical manner in which he developed the rail net, Matsuoka achieved a widening of the net of water-borne traffic. The existing docks and shipyards at Dairen and Antung were enlarged. The ports of Rashin, Seishin and Yuki in northern Korea were opened up to more than casual traffic through Matsuoka's energetic activity; and in the harbor of Huluato, gigantic construction works were undertaken in order to provide Manchurian trade with a gate toward the Gulf of Pechili. The Railroad also took over transportation on the Sungari, the Amur and the Liao, the three most important rivers of Manchuria. Besides all these enterprises, the Railroad controls above all the Manchurian mining enterprises. It has invested in the mines of Fushun, Tentai and Kuchentu about 120,000,000 yen.

As Matsuoka intended to demonstrate to the population of the "Railroad Zone" the benefits of Japanese sovereignty, 200 public schools and a great number of higher educational institutions and libraries were founded. This "Zone" comprises the districts adjoining the Railroad in which, after the foundation of the Manchukoan Empire, the Railroad retained jurisdiction. In order to safeguard health, the Railroad maintains in the "Zone" also sixty modern hospitals. The efforts of the Railroad in the field of hygiene have been crowned by the almost entire elimination of the formerly dread bubonic plague. In order to further the economic life of Manchuria, the Railroad has created its own industrial bureau which forms a kind of a state within a state. This bureau has been successful in improving the quality of the country's agricultural and industrial products, in stabilizing the currency and in the foundation of new industries.

UNDER Matsuoka's efficient management the South Manchuria Railroad has developed into a unique enterprise. Its president, who now has taken over the administration of Japan's foreign policy, five years ago predicted the decline of Japanese party policies. He refused to participate in the many cabinets which in vain tried to find a solution

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of Japan's constitutional problems. The impressive results which this statesman has achieved in Manchuria assure him a decisive influence in the cabinet of Prince Konoye.

ITALY'S HIMMLER

By PHILIPPE HARENCOURT

Paris-Soir (Before the Fall of France)

EVERY morning for the last fourteen years a man of powerful build, clean-shaven and with the profile of a Roman emperor, has walked into the immense salon of the Palazzo Venezia which serves Signor Mussolini as his office. He is Senator Arturo Bocchini, head of the Italian Police and one of the strongest pillars of the Fascist régime. Before consulting his ministers and his generals —even before hearing the latest foreign news from Count Ciano—the Duce always liked to listen to the daily report submitted to him by the man who is responsible for internal order and the "moral temperature" of public opinion.

Signor Bocchini, a massive Neapolitan, had attained, after the last war, the rank of prefect of police. Methodical, precise, and energetic, he brought to the organization of his department system and modern ideas. Often this meant giving a jolt to the nonchalance of the old bureaucracy of the liberal epoch. He was Prefect of Genoa when Mussolini paid a visit to the town. The Duce noticed the perfect order which reigned everywhere and the astonishing precision with which the official ceremonies were carried out. He expressed his satisfaction.

On December 31, 1926, the fourth anniversary of the march on Rome was celebrated at Bologna in the presence of Signor Mussolini. Just as the Duce with his escort was crossing the Piazza del Nettuno a youth of sixteen, Anteo Zamboni, fired at him with a revolver. The bullet pierced the cordon of the Order of SS. Maurizio e Lazzaro and made a hole in his overcoat, but did not inflict the slightest wound. The young man was immediately surrounded and killed on the spot.

Instead of addressing the crowd, as had been intended, the Duce remained silent and left the same night for Rome. There he vented his wrath on the head of the Minister of the Interior, Signor Federzoni. "This cannot go on," he shouted. "I am at the mercy of every madman or fanatic. Four attempts upon my life in one year!" Such had, indeed, been the case.

On November 4, 1925, the Rome police had got wind of a plot implicating the Socialist deputy Zaniboni and General Capello, former commander of the Fifth Army Corps. On April 7, 1926, just as the Duce was leaving after a ceremony at the Capitol, a demented Irishwoman, Miss Violet Gibson, shot at him, wounding him in the nose. A few months later, on September 11, he had just left his residence, the Villa Torlonia, to go to the Chigi Palace.

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As his car was passing the Porta Pia an anarchist, Gino Lucetti, threw a bomb at him.

THE Bologna incident was the last straw. "I want a police force that knows its job," thundered Mussolini. "It must be reorganized from top to bottom. Find me a strong man, sure and capable."

"I know the very man," answered Federzoni, only too glad to be rid of a task for which he was not fitted. "It is Bocchini, Prefect of Genoa."

When he presented himself before the Duce for the first time, a few days later, Signor Bocchini had a plan cut and dried. "Excellency," he said to the head of the government, "I can assure you that within a fortnight things will be changed. You can work in peace; no further attempt will be made upon your life. But I must ask for two things: first, I must have full powers in everything concerning the police. Even you will follow my instructions whenever you travel. You must accept any measures I may judge necessary for the protection of your person. Secondly, I must be allocated a budget in proportion to the task I have to undertake." Mussolini accepted and Bocchini got to work.

A few months after his nomination it was learnt that the Duce had received, in the Palazzo Venezia, a delegation of high officials of the O.V.R.A. The public wondered what the four letters stood for, and soon found out that it was a new arm of the régime, the Organization of Vigilance and Repression of Anti-Fascism.

Ever since the O.V.R.A. has been everywhere. It is a band of informers, not necessarily all belonging to the police. Taxi-drivers, waiters, doorkeepers, valets, "workmen" of all categories, innocent enough in appearance but with their ears wide open, go to make up this powerful organization controlled by Senator Bocchini, which enables him to track down the maneuvers of enemies of the government, to locate the centers of anti-fascism, to shadow or arrest suspects, and to inform the Duce as to the real state of public opinion in the country.

Hardly anybody knows who Bocchini's collaborators are. The staff of the O.V.R.A. remains a secret. It has no official headquarters, and meets now here, now there, as its leader decrees. When the Duce makes a tour of the provinces, Bocchini's men precede him by a few days. Disguised as tourists, peasants, or sportsmen, they "prepare the atmosphere" and rid the place of suspects, so that when Mussolini arrives he can go about freely (although he is always surrounded, as a further measure of precaution, by several rows of motor-cyclists and agents of the O.V.R.A.).

BOCCHINI prefers a sedentary life, and dislikes travelling. During the last thirteen years he has only been out of his country three times, and then only in pursuance of his duties: once to Austria, in the time of Dollfuss, and twice to Germany. He never takes a holiday, but if he has a little leisure he sometimes spends a day or two on his estate at Benevento, where he grows flowers and hunts hares.

People speak of the existence, in certain secret rooms of the Palazzo Viminale, of steel filing-cabinets in

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which millions of cards register, day by day, the actions and opinions of every Italian citizen. A regiment of employees is constantly employed in keeping it up to date, and even high officials of the government do not escape from this invisible and perpetual control. Whenever Mussolini has to nominate someone to an important post, it is Bocchini who places under his master's eyes the record on which each candidate is "photographed" politically and morally with meticulous precision. At difficult moments, when some important decision has to be taken, Mussolini never fails to consult his Chief of Police. "Is public opinion fully prepared? What will be the public's reactions?" And Senator Bocchini replies with facts and figures.

From all of which one can easily gauge the importance of Senator Bocchini's own opinions when it becomes a question of what attitude Italy shall adopt.

Don't Shout

My lunch would have cost about 2*s*. 6*d*. in Soho. A very modest affair, I felt, considering the quality of the restaurant to which my friend, resplendent in uniform, had brought me. The bill, I noticed, was about 10*s*. 6*d*. a head. Looking round the tables I calculated that on that basis the eighty people at lunch must certainly have spent £50 and probably much more. This set me off thinking about economy and equality of sacrifice in wartime and my eye caught a headline in the *Daily Telegraph*. Captain Crookshank, Financial Secretary to the Treasury, had, it seems, delivered a luncheon speech on this subject at Plymouth. He said that in order to defeat the two enemies—Nazis and Inflation—everyone "must save to the point of self-denial":

"People still don't seem to realize their full duty in this regard. A woman who was looking after evacuated children, when asked last week how she kept them in order, said: 'Allow them to go to the pictures or some entertainment twice a week.' Five children to the pictures twice a week! That is the type of mind your savings committees must get at: that is the atmosphere you must dissipate."

"That," I repeated to myself, "is the type of mind you must get at; that is the atmosphere you must dissipate."

—"Critic" in *The New Statesman and Nation*, London

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Embers of an Ideal

Neue Zürcher Zeitung, Switzerland

THE Secretariat of the League of Nations and the International Labor Office owe their existence to the first World War. There was a time when a large section of humanity placed great hopes in them. The world then believed that they were the beginning of better international relations than had ever been seen before. That the League of Nations proved a complete disillusionment is less the fault of its underlying idea than of its exaggerated "progressive" apparatus and of its misuse—or, perhaps, non-use—by the Great Powers.

The financial basis of both institutions has been disastrously affected by the war. The reduction of staff by one-third which was accomplished by the end of 1939, was insignificant in comparison with the radical retrenchment in May of this year. In December 1939, the Secretariat of the League still had about 500 employes and the International Labor Office about 450. Today, the immense complex of the League's buildings harbors not more than thirty persons, and there are but fifty in the International Labor Office. Only a skeleton is left.

Financially, the International Labor Office is somewhat better off than the League, because a number of states belong to it which are not members of the political organization. The contribution of the United States alone, for instance, amounts to more than 1,000,000 Swiss francs ($250,000) a year. On the other hand, the present situation of the Labor Office is more difficult to define than that of the Secretariat of the League. The director, John G. Winant, went to the United States in May to prepare for its transfer to Montreal. An American himself, he considered it practically impossible to continue to operate in Switzerland, which is almost completely isolated as a result of the war. Europe, in general, does not seem to him the proper site for useful international work, just now. The present problem is how to arrange the division of work between Montreal (the Labor Office will probably be transferred to Washington in the near future) and the remnant of the organization in Geneva. It has been discovered that it is not easy to transfer a working institution such as the International Labor Office, from one continent to another. Whatever the temporary solution may be, in the light of the present international situation, one thing is certain: the cooperation of the nations for social progress and a mutual struggle against misery and hunger, which will be the lot of uncounted millions, must be continued after the war. There can be no success in meeting this problem on a national basis except by fitting into an international program.

The League of Nations has long

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since resigned itself to the abandonment of any political activity. It was mainly because of this that its general secretary, M. Joseph Avenol of France, resigned at the end of August. The Irish deputy secretary-general, Sean Lester, has taken over the administration of what is left of the organization, as well as the care of the interests of the Secretariat. The services still maintained by the radically reduced staff of international functionaries, are of a purely technical nature. So far as conditions allow, the work of the opium section and of the hygienic department, with its epidemiological news service—of particular importance in war time—are being continued. The financial and economic section is also operating, though on a very much reduced scale. Communications are so restricted that English and American journals hardly ever arrive and, when they do, are greatly delayed. So, it has accepted an invitation from Princeton University to do certain of its work in the quieter American atmosphere. Ten officials, including the Director, are now in the United States, while a dozen members of the department still remain in Geneva. Its first American publication will be a study of European trade which will probably be issued some time in January.

There are still thirty-six members of the League of Nations, not counting those who, because of German occupation, are unable to participate effectively. Three states—Hungary, Rumania and Peru—have, during the last few months, announced their intention of withdrawing. It will be up to the member nations to decide what is to be done with the League and its Secretariat. So long as it continues to exist, it is a possible point of departure for a new organization for international co-operation in the technical sphere, so far as this is an objective need.

THE importance of the remnants of the League of Nations remains, however, that it may be decisive in the formation of a free organization for future international co-operation in general. After the war, there will not only be the problem of reorganizing Europe itself but of re-establishing its relations with the rest of the world. It is not exaggerated optimism to believe that even the little that is left of the League may be a valuable basis on which to build the necessary machinery for these tasks.

CHECK

Concentration camps are not called by that name by the German commanders in the Netherlands. They are not *Konzentrationslager* but *Tuchtklasse*, which is equivalent to "training camp." In these centers, where the filth is appalling and the food worse, demobilized Dutch soldiers are "trained" in the ways of repairing the damage wrought by the Germans in Rotterdam and elsewhere. Their upkeep is defrayed, of course, by the Dutch citizenry.

—*Vrij Nederland*, London

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The Nazis view London as already destroyed, together with the Empire

'They Got What They Wanted'

Schwarze Korps, Berlin Weekly Organ of the Elite Guard

THE British got what they wanted. . . .

The fate of that erstwhile world capital, London, has provoked the boastful British to decree a curious rate of exchange in reprisal raids. They say, slyly, that of course the Germans were entitled to attack London and other British cities, because their own aviators made attacks upon the Reich. But, they whine, the damage which the Germans are inflicting is disproportionate to the lesser destruction which British bombers wrought upon German residential districts.

While all of London today is one witches' cauldron of smoking rubble —and its functions as a capital, as a port, as the center of the munitions and armaments industry and, indeed, as the heart of British resistance, are played out—not a single German city has suffered any important damage, and there has been no interruption or injury to any organic functions within the Reich. But the German system of destruction, the British complain, has its inception in a devilish and scientific thoroughness. Furthermore, they howl that on the first day of their mass attack on London, the Germans took sufficient revenge for all that had previously been inflicted on them by their own bombers; accordingly, everything done since by the Nazis is not in the way of reprisal, properly speaking, but must be regarded as acts that are frankly aggressive and certainly not performed in the line of self-defense.

And all this, say the sulking British, is unfair and not in conformance with the recognized rules of the game.

Of course, the truth is that it is for us Germans alone to determine how many British we will kill in reprisal for the loss of one German worker. And we would be very poor Germans, and even worse National Socialists, if we did not demand the lives of at least one hundred British plutocrats for every murdered German worker. That is the least ratio we can establish.

We have far more justification than

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the British to hold to our own rate of exchange, in reprisals, because we did not establish it arbitrarily, as they did, but proclaimed it at the very beginning of war. Whoever wanted to begin such a conflict with us knew far in advance the price they would pay. Repeatedly the Führer has declared that Germany's retaliation for the terrorist attacks by Britain upon our civilians would not be at the rate of a life for a life, but that a few ciphers would be added when we launched our reprisals. And not so long ago the Reich again warned that attacks upon open cities in Germany would provoke the complete razing of British cities.

The history of the last few months certainly did not justify the English in disregarding the warnings and the predictions of the Führer. In those years, they were perfectly free to avoid the disaster which they have brought upon themselves. All that they needed was to avoid those attacks upon German residential districts, attacks which from a military viewpoint were idiotic and were dictated solely by the insane rage of the trapped beast. And when they wantonly continued with these unextenuable attacks, they dug their own graves.

When a weaker man is defeated by the blows of a stronger opponent, he usually bellows of injustice to provoke pity from the rest of the world. He argues that the might of the victor violates the principles of justice, and that the use of might is unfair, inhuman, etc. And thus he exploits his weakness to erect a halo of martyrdom above his head—and the old women agree with him. Perhaps this conception of justice is applicable to football games. But in the history of military penalties and settlements, it has no relevancy—and, if possible, it has even less in instances where the weaker is the aggressor.

For instance, if a miniature state the size of Liechtenstein, with an army of fifty men, should declare war upon Germany, one could hardly expect that the Reich, because of the principles of justice and chivalry, would itself retaliate with only fifty men, who would then engage the Liechtensteiners in a tug-of-war enduring for many years. On the contrary, it would be more correct behavior if Germany sent 500 men to Liechtenstein to suppress the peace violator in an hour's time. Of course, that is an extreme example, but it illustrates the laws underlying the conduct of every war.

In war, the only source of right is might.

THE necessity of safeguarding this right of might becomes more obvious when, in the course of a war, the balance of power is tipped in favor of one or the other belligerent. When Britain declared war upon Germany, she believed that the mountains of her gold—and the strength of her vassals—would prove sufficient to break the might of Germany. We Germans, of course, always held an opposite view but there were a good many "neutral" observers at the time who shared the confidence of the British.

If, however, it should happen within the year that England's vassals are crushed, that the power of its moneybags becomes a phantom, that the blockaders become the blockaded and that an island of 45,000,000 people comes face to face with the power of 85,000,000—then our greater right

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derived from greater power will not have fallen into our lap as a present from the heavens. We will have wrested it from opponents who, at the beginning of the struggle, thought themselves equal to if not stronger than us. Every victory is, after all, the result of a balance of power in favor of the victor. Otherwise, wars would last forever.

Should we, to achieve a chivalrous parity, disallow the participation of half of our people in this war, demobilize our army to the size of the British, replace our regular forces with troops of grouse hunters, destroy the main part of our air force and withdraw from our strategic position on the Channel Coast to pre-war German territory?

It is now five minutes of twelve—too late to begin a wail for pity. The time for the British to speak of fairness, chivalry and justice was when they started to attack us. But, they calculated at that time that France, Belgium, Holland, the Scandinavian countries, Poland, Russia, Rumania, Yugoslavia, Greece, Turkey and the United States would unite to destroy Germany, while the British Navy would assume the mission of starving German women and children to death. No one could have considered this plan either chivalrous or humane. But the "neutrals" then believed that right depends on might. In fact, they agreed with us, absolutely. We have not changed our opinion; they have.

THE world too long has had to watch the spectacle of British arrogance of power. It has too long been used to seeing in that British arrogance the emanation of British right. We can understand, therefore, that it watches the destruction of this magnificence with mixed feelings, even with terror. London's fate may appear to them an insane picture. Was it not the hub of the world? Can the world continue to exist without orders from that powerful center—the greatest port, the first banker, the first stock exchange?

To those anxious people who cannot conceive of a world without London, without the British Empire, without the praise or blame of the British rulers, we give assurance that the globe will continue to turn on its axis even without those beauties, that it will even turn with much less friction.

They could have been saved their present shock if they had studied a little more seriously the real basis of Britishism, if they had extracted the real kernel of British power and claims from the outer shell of humbug, arrogance and wantonness. But they could not be expected to be more Catholic than their Pope, nor to know more of the future prospects of England than the English themselves, the men on top as well as the little fellows in the streets.

The London correspondent of the "strictly neutral" Stockholm *Tidende* recently wrote a most enlightening report on the attitude of those British air pilots, now England's last hope.

"I have known some of them in London, then in Northern France and later again in England. At first they were cocky and did not know what danger was. They longed for war as for sport. But I have now met one of them again. He is a different man. He is fully conscious of the fact that they will get him before the struggle is over."

When this correspondent wrote

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thus, England had received a lesson in arms from the German Air Force. No human fantasy had pictured London as it is today. The feeling that the world is coming to an end and the foreboding felt by the British pilot will soon grip the whole British nation, in even stronger form. It is in such an attitude of mind that men often come nearer to the truth. And how far the truth is removed from that buoyant expectation of happy hunting with which England only a year ago set out to destroy the German people. The English were in cocky spirits. They saw no danger. They longed for war as for a sport.

"Boys, you will have a charming war," said the chief war profiteer, Lord Derby, to the soldiers of one division which was sent to France. He was not even consciously lying. He believed it. They all believed it.

It was not by chance that one of the most disgusting figures among the plutocratic warmongers, the Archbishop of Canterbury, left London a few days ago, exclaiming in terror that he had had more than enough of it after spending two nights in underground shelters threatened by bombs, and that he never wanted to live through such an experience again. And it is certain that this trembling Eminence did not select one of the more uncomfortable of the shelters but one in which he could sit in a soft club chair with opportunity to gather his thoughts.

WHY DO the consequences of the Archbishop's own acts frighten him so much? The reason is that he had imagined that everything in this war would be so different. Doubtless he imagined a happy and gay, delightful war, one without personal dangers and one also pleasing in the sight of God—a war against women and children waged at a safe distance from his person.

In this individual case is the example of an entire nation which was the victim of a gigantic piece of self-delusion—a delusion, amounting to a monstrous crime, for which the British must atone. The British shopkeeper caste, by means of swindle and theft, snatched a world empire while other nations were preoccupied with other matters. It was an easy prize, not based upon any achievements in the creation of law and of moral right; and the ease with which the British seized that prize destroyed their sense of reality.

That all this magnificence has had to be destroyed, in a conflict with a real power the size of Germany, was not a whim of fate. With a full sense of the realities, Germany recognized her aims, the consciousness of her rights, the fanatical faith of her mission, and that of the National Socialist party. And it was inevitable that this fall from the skies was to lead to total collapse—a piece of frivolous and criminal self-destruction affecting the very foundations of Empire. . . . The heap of rubble once called London symbolizes the dissipation of a phantom into the nothingness of its true value.

Neither Carthage nor Jerusalem were destroyed by a caprice of fate, nor by the "injustices" of others. They were weighed, and found wanting. They did not die because of Rome; they died because their time was up. They got what they wanted.

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Besieged England finds agrarian virtues and vices comfortingly assuring, just now

John, a Peasant

By RICHARD NORTH

Countryman, English Rural Review

JOHN was born at Stoke Mandeville, near Aylesbury, within sight of the highest point of the Chilterns, and he died at the age of seventy-nine in 1915. He lived all his life in the same small mean house that he and his father had rented for more than a century. It was for a long time infested with black beetles, and contained many things common enough in John's day—a candle box, a lantern glazed with horn, pattens and apparatus for straw plaiting. It was never lit by anything but candles. Two pairs of aged eyes and ten pairs of young ones endured the strain of reading or working by a single light. "Two candles a-burnin' and' never a plough a-gooin'," was a frequent expression if a second candle was carried from another room and inadvertently left alight. Outside were an open hovel for the cart, a stable for the pony, and a "woodus" which contained the odoriferous gleanings of John's business. Like his father, he was a marine-store dealer, a hawker and a carrier. Beyond the vegetable garden was a small paddock where his pony grazed. A tiny flower garden by the wall of the house provided his wife with one of her few pleasures. John lived in the days of turnpikes and paid tolls. Somewhere among his small wardrobe there was a smock-frock. He had seen a public execution.

John was short and wiry, and he looked straight and continuously into the eyes of those with whom he spoke. His lips were thin and suggested cruelty; his ears were lobeless and exceedingly small; his nose was straight and pointed; and his rich brown eyes turned a cold look on the world. His beard hung all over his face and throat. In the most casual contacts John's character revealed downrightness, certainty, rigidity, and he would talk across a social gap with an independence of utterance and a readiness to contradict that were in contrast with the timidity of his fellow villagers. But he would not allow himself to be called "Mr." "Plain John is

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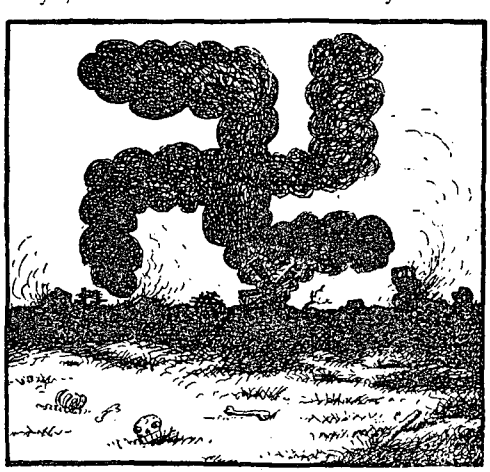
me name; you call me John." The vicar's wife had a tongue of repute, and was no mean foe. Once when he considered that she had made a reflection on his character he said: "She shan't say that; I'll goo an' see 'er; gimme my best jackut"—and off he went and subdued the vicarage. His modest estimate of his essential needs was a knife, a bit of string and a shilling, which three things he held a man ought always to have about him.

John's boots were made so that they could be worn on either foot. He wore them on different feet on alternate days. These boots, liberally greased in wet weather, were so big that he could wear not only a pair of stockings but a pair or two of stocking feet. He walked with his feet pointing so much outwards that the yokels called him "the dew-spreader."

John wore double-breasted waistcoats, being apprehensive of catching cold, and would never step outside the door without a hat or have his hair cut in the winter. He had a theory that he could keep well only by the constant use of Epsom salts. Saltpeter he believed to be excellent for the kidneys, and cold tea for tired eyes. He would bathe the closed lids at night, grope his way to bed, and go to sleep without opening them again.



—Toño Salazar in *Repertorio Americano*, Costa Rica

He married a girl who in her youth had fine proportions, a queenly carriage and good looks, and the pair had eleven children who became so scattered over the globe that they never all met together.

The loss of respectability through debt was the dread of John and his wife. They would never buy what they could not pay for. There was, however, one occurrence which seared John's conscience. After an illness that reduced him to his very last coin, he began work again without renewing his hawker's license and was caught and fined.

Until well on in life John was a heavy drinker. He would say that one wheel of the brewer's trap belonged to him. He once won a wager by drinking a bottle of brandy in an hour. He bragged that he could "carry nine gallon o' beer—four'n a half inside an' four'n a half outside." But eventually he was given a fright. "I was just gettin' over the airysiplus an' the doctor looked queer at me so as I knowed there was summat in 'is mind, an' I ses 'Out wi' it, doctor, if ye got anything to say. What is it? Be I a-drinkin' too much?' 'John,' 'e ses, 'if you goo on like this for another twel'month you'll be dead or in a lunatic asylum.' 'Doctor,' I ses, 'I'll never touch another drop as long as I live!' An' I've kep' me word."

When he used to come home intoxicated he would think nothing of turning the children out of doors; and his wife often delivered the goods and unharnessed and fed the pony when he was incapable of doing it. Not until she was advanced in life was she

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able to indulge in a recreation of which she was fond—reading. I have seen her with *Paradise Lost*. A circumstance that surprised not only her family but also the village was that she continued to drink beer after he had given it up. Every night of her life the "Bull" supplied her with half a pint, which she warmed in a saucepan and drank with her bread and cheese.

I ought to have mentioned that though he might be drunk six days of the week, John would never touch a drop on Sundays. Although he drank, he never swore and he never smoked. "There, put that pipe out; I wun't 'ave no smokin' 'ere," was a command to some members of his family. Sunday trading he also thought sinful. He has refused, with abuse, to sell a candle on a Sunday to an old woman who had forgotten to replenish her stock on Saturday. "Sarve ye right," he said. "I wun't let ye 'ave it of a Sunday. If ye can't think o' yer candles o' Saturday it wun't do ye no 'arm to sit in the dark or goo to bed."

Perhaps because of the frequent, "And he rose up early in the morning," of the Old Testament, John could rise at any hour. He had, indeed, a craze for early rising. When he had to go a distance, he would start with loads of merchandise well before four o'clock, even in mid-winter.

In reference to his haberdashery hawking, a draper of Aylesbury said to John, "Why don't you run a few more lines and start a little shop? I'd let you have the stuff on credit, and not press for the money." "Oh ah," John replied; "tha's all very well, but supposin' I di'n't sell 'em, an' at the end o' six months I 'ad your bill—where'd I be? You let me alone to goo nigglin' along in my tin-pot way, payin' twenty shillin's in the pound an' owin' nothin' to nobody."

Upon John's gravestone is inscribed, "His word was his bond." A promise upon even a trivial matter was a pledge to be kept wholly and promptly. His phrase was, "But I said I would." A lie he regarded as the greatest of sins. "As false as my knife" was one of his scornful epithets —the peculiar falsity of a knife being that it would as soon cut its owner as anyone else. " 'Tis the truth as licks 'em," he would say.

He was impervious to argument and held with tenacity to the wildest prejudices. He once said to me, "I wonder I ain't 'ad a smack o' th' 'ead many a time." He was often, he said, "as surly as a bull." The words of a certain boaster he called "a couple o' yards o' pump water."

John brought up his children to eschew ease and to esteem diligence. "'E's a good feller to work," was a commendation often upon his lips. " 'Olidays!" he would say derisively. "I call it shameful when folks might be doin' a honest day's work."

Not even at Christmas would John allow the children any indulgence that might mean a little noise; not a halfpenny could be spared for anything not eatable. The children's few pennies were pooled and spent in Aylesbury on sugar mice (at four a penny), sugar watches and a handful of nuts. The "tree" was a table on which these delicacies were spread out, and the children drew tickets for them out of a hat. The centerpiece and most costly article was a twopenny coconut.

He was content with his lot, though every day's toil was a fight to keep his

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independence. As he shaped with a pocket knife the wooden pegs for the cloth mops that were part of his small trading stock, he would break off from the murmuring of some hymn tune to express his gratitude for the few favors life had given him. "Ah, my gal," he would say, "there's many a poor creature as 'ud be glad t' 'ave what we've got. The Lord's bin good to us."

On Sundays, if the local preacher happened to be musical, John would invite him to tea. One or two other singers were generally invited, and were hurried through their tea with reminders to look at the clock. No break in the singing was permitted till the grandfather clock or the bells of the parish church gave warning of the approach of service time. Non-participants were condemned to silence. The order was, "Sing or be quiet; stop that clack, do!" He liked to say of his wife that he would have paid another sovereign for her if she had been musical.

There was never an hour but some melody was running through his head and, often, finding expression on his lips. He was as enthusiastic to determine the pitch of casual sounds as Gilbert White to know whether the Selborne owls hooted in F sharp or B flat. At the chiming of a clock he would sing the note and say, "Tha's about A, I think," and the tuning-fork would be produced from his waistcoat pocket to test the accuracy of his ear. In childhood his voice was good, and in maturity he had a natural tenor of fine range and quality. He was wont to say that he could sing enough tenor for half a dozen basses. When over seventy he could easily and sweetly reach a top G. John could read music, and had no more difficulty with minor than with major keys. He prized this accomplishment more than his voice. A man who sang at sight, even badly, he esteemed. But I have heard him tell a man who had a fine voice and little musical sense that he was making a row "like a bumble bee in a tar tub."

—*Nieuwsblad*, Batavia

John took the greatest care of his music books and handled them caressingly. If one would not lie flat and a rough hand attempted to apply force, he would spring forward and utter a cry as if hurt. Many of these books were in manuscript, in the transcription of which he had spent laborious hours, for he was little accustomed to a pen. Their width was greater than their depth, and their cloth covers were like old leather from age and use. They were kept in a chest of drawers to which his children were forbidden access.

John was a good bell-ringer, and had rung in every belfry for miles around. He would stop and listen to a distant peal even on cold winter nights. "Tha's So-and-so at number one," he would say. "Good ringer 'e is, never too soon an' never be'ind. But that ain't So-and-so a-ringin' number four. The chap who's got 'is bell

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PALO ALTO PUBLIC LIBRARY READING ROOM

is all over the place an' ain't got no more notion o' ringin' nor a gret gal." Bells were church affairs, and much as he loved them, they could not lure him from his Methodism; many a time he has rung in a church till within a few minutes of the service and then dashed off to chapel.

John had a gift for games. He was fond of telling the story of his victory at a single-wicket cricket match, with one innings each and no fieldsmen. The stake was half a gallon of beer. His chief game was skittles, and in the narrow alleys so commonly found in his time on licensed premises he must have won barrel upon barrel of beer.

John wolfed his food greedily and audibly—"golloped" it; and told with satisfied approval the story of a mother who rebuked her child, when a distinguished visitor was present, for licking its plate. "So would you," said the offender, "if 'e 'adn't bin 'ere." At breakfast he would eat quantities of cold fat meat or cold meat pudding or pie. He had only one other meal in the day, for his motto was not "little and often" but "much and seldom." On Sundays he would have a tea meal, and he would never in any circumstances be satisfied with two cups or indulge himself with four. He liked his meat underdone. "Jest pop it in the pan, turn it over, an' fetch it out; I can't abear t' 'ave all the goodness cooked out o' me meat."

He never gave his wife the least assistance in the home. He was careless and untidy, and expected to be waited upon. He could not even brush his hair without asking, " 'Ave I got that partin' straight?" He was conscious of these failings, and said that he wished to die before his wife. "She could git along better wi'out me nor I could wi'out 'er."

He would never allow that the weather was hot; "warm" or "very warm" was the most he would say—though on the hottest days he would be seen with a cabbage leaf protruding from the back of his hat and hanging down his neck. Bad weather he thought of in regard to its effect upon his poor neighbors. "This weather 'as kep' poor So-and-so out o' work for a week; dunno what 'e'll do, poor feller, wi' 'is family. Snow may look perty, but you jest think 'ow many folks it'll put out o' work."

A GOOD piece of hedging would always attract his attention. "Now, jest you look at that," he would say. "I can tell who done that, though I never see 'im at it. Tha's Barnet Spittles's work. There ain't a man anywhere near 'ere as can touch 'im." Similarly he would praise George Bates's ricks. "Bootiful, I call 'em. You can walk all 'round 'em, an' ye can't see no difference wherever ye stand."

He detested dogs, and was in the habit of carrying a rabbit's foot or two in his pocket wherewith to propitiate the fiercest of them. "There never wus a dog yit as 'ud bite ye if ye listened to its master," was his view. "If I 'ad my way there'd be no more dogs than there is queens." He also hated bees.

At sixty-five John broke down. With his club superannuation, the earnings of his wife and some help from the children, his house was free from actual distress. Later there were the old-age pensions. From the time of his retirement from work his strength of character steadily declined.

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Except in Argentina, German newspaper men, without big sticks, walk softly

Editorial Thorn in Hitler's Side

By STEPHEN NAFT

WITH the arrival in power of the National Socialists in Germany, the old independent press in the Reich promptly disappeared. The newspapers that remained could not be described as media of information, or even as journals of varying opinion, but were outright organs of propaganda. Liberal or merely "non-Nazi" newspapermen who succeeded in escaping, set up monthly magazines, weeklies and even a few dailies in countries abroad. In France, for example, the *Pariser Tageblatt* came into being; in the Netherlands, *Das Tagebuch* appeared, and in Prague there was *Die Weltbuhne*. So long as Czechoslovakia was independent, German emigré journalists found various outlets for their energies and talents, and the same held true in Vienna, before the advent of Chancellor Dollfuss.

Editors in these countries who, when they were annexed and expropriated, escaped execution, often made their way to Paris. A large number of them are now hiding in France, but they are today subject to extradition to Germany under the onerous terms of the agreement between Germany and the Vichy régime.

Before the French collapse, the only remaining independent German-language press in Europe was that of Switzerland. But after the Vichy surrender, these publications changed their tone, even though the Swiss Confederation has yet to be occupied by the Nazis. The fact is that the Axis has Swiss editors—as well as the Swiss Government—thoroughly intimidated, and no longer do these newspapers risk publishing anything to which the hyper-sensitive Axis nations might object. (Perhaps they remember the fate of the editors of *De Groene Amsterdammer*, who, as reported in the July 1940 issue of *The Living Age*, were shot for "resisting arrest" shortly after the Nazi occupation of Holland.) By and large, the tone of the German-language press in Switzerland, and that as well of other organs, is aloof from the press of events and subdued in all its com-

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ments on the plight of Europe.

It is not too much to say that there is only one German-language daily newspaper in the world that can be regarded as independent of and indifferent to Hitler. This is the *Argentinische Tageblatt*, published in Buenos Aires. It is a big daily, as dailies go in Latin America, published in an issue of twelve pages and providing in addition a Sunday supplement not entirely unlike the magazine section of the New York *Times*.

This Buenos Aires newspaper, which carries a banner in Spanish of "an independent and anti-totalitarian daily," is now in its fifty-second year of publication. It was founded by a German Swiss named E. F. Allemann —which, incidentally, is the Spanish word for German. The paper gets world-wide coverage through the facilities of two great American news-services, the Associated Press and the United Press, and until the French surrender it also received the reports of the Havas News Agency of Paris. At present, it is far and away superior to any newspaper published in Europe. It is refreshingly eager in expressing its hostility toward the Nazi, Fascist and Stalinist régimes.

THE paper has not had the easiest time. Nazis in Argentina succeeded for a time in forcing advertisers to withdraw their business from the *Argentinische Tageblatt*. Doubtless other pressure was added by the German Government, since Berlin extends subsidies to several German-language newspapers in that Latin-American country. A few years ago, a party of "unidentified" raiders entered the editorial and mechanical premises of the newspaper early in the morning, killed several of the employes, destroyed the mechanical equipment, and set the building afire. Even this act of reprisal, however, could not bring about the demise of the paper, which duly appeared a few days after this attack.

Since then, it has steadily improved in editorial content. On occasion it carries more columns of accurate information about Germany, Vichy, France and other nations of Europe than may be found in some of the largest American dailies.

The British Spirit

The fantastic courage of our airmen, sailors and soldiers has astounded all nations. Our young men are no doubt the toughest in the world. The Germans were probably under-nourished as children, are highly nervous, and are apt to go to pieces when things go wrong. And in this country, in contrast with most others, toughness is not confined to the working class. The other day my eye fell upon a group of young officers congregated in the hall of a well-known club. I was reminded of an exclamation of the Iron Duke: "I don't know what the enemy will feel about them. But they terrify me!"

—Edward Hulton in *World Review*, London

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Straws in the Wind

If It Was Good Enough—

Hitler was inspecting a school in Germany. He began to question the children, and asked the first boy:—

"How old are you?"

"Eleven, Führer."

"Do you work hard?"

"Oh, yes, Führer."

"And what are your political opinions?"

The little fellow gave a lively salute and shot out, "Nazi, Führer."

Hitler thanked him and questioned several other boys of the class in the same fashion. Then when he asked the last boy the last question, the child remained seated and replied:—

"I'm a Republican."

"Republican?" wondered the master of Germany, "and why?"

"I am a Republican because my father, my grandfather and my great-grandfather were all Republicans."

"And suppose your father had been a bandit, your grandfather a murderer and your great-grandfather a thief, what would you be then?"

"A Nazi, Führer," answered the imperturbable youngster.

—*France Magazine*, Paris

Whose Mirror?

The French have a word of advice regarding chic which should be followed by all of us. It is: "Stand before a mirror before going out, and see how much you can remove and still appear publicly without being arrested."

—*Saturday Night*, Toronto

Pie For Breakfast

The more substantial breakfasts which Londoners are reported to be taking as a result of disturbed nights would have been commended—rather unexpectedly perhaps—by Emerson. The Great American philosopher was a firm believer in beginning the day with a hearty meal—but in that connection a cautionary note was recorded by his friend H. J. Warner. "It was pie for breakfast," declared Warner, "that broke down Emerson prematurely; no human being can live long and keep his mind unclouded on pie for breakfast. Emerson lost his mind—or his memory—at a much earlier period than he would have been likely to lose it solely owing to the vicious habit of eating pie for breakfast."

—"Lucio" in the *Manchester Guardian*, England

Election Style, 1840

The Prince's counsel argued that because legitimacy has been set aside as a principle, there remained no other principle of sovereignty. Louis Napoleon had some right to come to canvass for the votes of the people of France. The youth came with his eagle and his pistol to a kind of hustings at Boulogne, from which he asked the French people, "Will you have me?" and being rejected, he ought to be let off like any other beaten candidate.

—"A Hundred Years Ago" in the *Observer*, London

The Tolerant Spouse

After the medical examination, the doctor turned sadly to the husband.

"Tch, tch, I don't like the appearance of your wife, sir."

"Well, neither do I, but she's a good cook, she takes care of the kids, and I'm used to her face."

—*Die Weltwoche*, Zurich

Congratulations, Sir

"I have led several people to the discovery of a wide range of literature by an open confession that Milton's longer poems bore me stiff."

—The Archbishop of York

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He Should Know

Possibly apocryphal, is the remark said to have been made in India by Schacht, when, as Reichsbank ex-chief, he visited India.

"What is it like being a German," they asked him, "after Austria, after Czechoslovakia, after Memel?"

"It doesn't make much difference," he said. "It's like a man who's in jail for life and hears they've added a new wing to the building."

—*Daily Herald*, London

Stop Pointing

An item recently appeared in the Berlin paper *Zwoelf Uhr Blatt* under the caption, "Declining birth rate in France." Underneath appeared a sub-title with no other explanation, "That, too, is the fault of England."

—*Le Recueil*, Quebec

And We'll Give Odds

"One thing is certain. Whoever has Italy for an ally in the next war is going to lose it."

—Gen. von Blomberg, ex-War Minister of Germany, in 1937

Or to Arm Denmark

The snail has at least 1,000 teeth, says a scientist. If you take its speed into consideration, it seems to be on the way to the dentist.

—*Politken*, Copenhagen

Don't the Aunts Drink?

If the case of wine left by Col. Crawford with the Universal Aunts is not claimed by October 30, it will be sold in aid of the Aunts Bomber Fund.

—Adv. in the *Times*, London

He Probably Is

From a loving mother's letter to her precious son in the Army: "Darling, I hope you're rising punctually every morning, and not keeping the regiment waiting at breakfast."

—*Il Resto del Carlino*, Florence

Good Reason

In New York an Italian was being examined in the Naturalization Court to see whether he would make a useful American citizen. He answered correctly questions as to the name of the President and the capital of the U.S.A. Then came the teaser: "Could you," he was asked, "become President of the United States?"

"No," was the reply.

"Why not?" persisted the official.

"You pleasa excuse," begged the applicant. "I verra busy just now sella da ice cream."

—*Reynolds News*, London

The Universal Postal Pen

In the General Post Office, London, a man in a hurry to send off a cable grabbed a pen. Clogged and rusty, he seized another, then a third. In exasperation, he demanded of a clerk, "I suppose this is the pen used to sign the Magna Carta?" The polite, imperturbable answer: "Information at Window 33."

—*Argentinische Tageblatt*, Buenos Aires

Reverse English

The Rev. J. Norton suggested that the Germans were sparing breweries and maltings from bombing because if drinking continued at the present rate we would lose the war.

—*South Wales Echo*

But *We Have* the Bottles

The two big American (political) parties were once compared to two empty bottles into which any liquid could be poured so long as the principle (of party politics) was kept.

—W. J. Vorster in *Die Volksblad*, South Africa

We Make Geography

Recruit (ready to go "over the top"): "I suppose we shall be making history in a few minutes, sergeant?"

Sergeant: "History be blowed. What we've got to make is geography!"

—*Cape Argus*, Capetown

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Literature is our major industry, in the astonished view of a Swiss

America Harbors 130,000,000 Writers

By J. W.

National-Zeitung, Basle Liberal Daily

OF course, it may be an exaggeration to say that the United States is a nation composed of 130,000,000 authors, male and female. But it is not a gross exaggeration. In no other country in the world is there such a torrent of writing. It is almost part of the American tradition, the "American way of life," that every family shall house at least one member who is by way of being a *littérateur*, major or minor.

Consider my neighbors: we live in a quarter of Los Angeles inhabited by a Hollywood rarity—solid and respectable citizens who have no claims whatever to fame. Neither Clark Gable nor Greta Garbo live across the street, nor even such lesser luminaries as an Aldous Huxley, a Jacques Deval or a Leopold Stokowski. Indeed, our neighborhood's only remote connection with the movies is its inclusion of an electrician who labors in the Paramount vineyard. For the rest, our neighbors include such types as a bookkeeper in a dairy, a contractor, a dog-trainer, a man and wife who spend the entire day and the entire night stamping on the keyboards of two pianos, a dress dealer in "original French imitations," whatever this means, a melancholy insurance agent, and an automobile mechanic.

Not very distinguished people, one might say, until one inquires into their secret lives. Then you discover that, with two exceptions, all of them are feverishly engaged in the Pursuit of Literature, in writing "epics."

The bookkeeper in the dairy writes sonnets and ballads, in red ink, between efforts at drawing a trial balance; the contractor's wife pens sentimental short-shorts in a desperate effort to pay for her losses at bridge; the *fortissimo* pianist-couple, when they are not belaboring the ivories, attend an evening course "in the technical composition of the one-act play"; the melancholy insurance agent banishes his frustration by writing—and selling!—fabulous sagas around gangsters, G-men, detectives and Sing Sing;

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the auto mechanic, a bashful lout, confesses that he is sharpening pencils and buying notebooks preparatory to inditing a background novel on certain social problems pertaining to life in a garage. Only the contractor, an unimaginative fellow, and the Paramount electrician, forego the arts of literary composition.

THE American ailment known as *scribblitis*, or writing epidemic, should not be regarded as phenomenal. The motives underlying its malignant spread are bald, if not banal. I have discovered in my researches in the United States that most of its people (a fact also applicable, in my judgment, to Europeans) are in urgent need of some cash money. For example, the average American, who drinks a great deal of ice-water, must find the cash to pay the instalment on his electrical refrigerator, come next Tuesday; this American's "lady acquaintance," as they say here, is in need of funds for a new hat; next week it is imperative that her mother visit the chiropractor. So, one and all they give thought to their respective emergencies and ask themselves, What is the simplest way of earning some cash money on the side?

In point of fact, they really aren't serious when addressing this inquiry to themselves, since they all know the answer. There is no alternative for any of these 130,000,000 Americans. The obvious, easy and immediate way to riches—or at least enough to pay the looming instalment—is to write. Why, look at the stuff the magazines buy!

Moreover, writing costs nothing in the way of plant equipment. You can always borrow a portable typewriter, can't you? Or somebody's fountain-pen? Another thing; you can get a ream of paper for ten cents or, if you are especially hard up, you can use yellow paper which costs merely a nickel!

Accordingly, nothing remains but to sit down and, as rapidly as possible —maybe two or three evenings—disgorge or exude a best-seller. Look at Margaret Mitchell with her *Gone With the Wind*! It was only two hundred pages, wasn't it? No? Well —three hundred, then. She sold two million copies in the United States alone, she got another fifty thousand for the film rights—and then all the translations, reprints, and so on.

Isn't it wonderful?

The American incentive to write is powerful. Every week you read that a novel has been sold to Hollywood for twenty or thirty thousand dollars. The literary section of the New York *Times* overflows with reviews of new

—*Empire News*, England

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books and, moreover, it publishes photographs of authors!

Besides, there are mountains of magazines in the United States, whose editors are badly in need of literary material. And their editors don't pay badly—you can get all of five hundred dollars for a short story of five hundred words—sometimes two or three times as much as that. Obviously, with such financial returns in sight, the American must write.

STILL, some of the citizens of the United States are more deliberate and conscientious about their writing. They decide to go to a school to learn how to write another *Gone With the Wind*. In America you go to a school to learn how to write, just as you do to learn how to sew buttons on a pair of pants, or to fly an airplane, or to learn Sanskrit. These writing-schools cover the entire field of belles-lettres in the United States; there are academies for budding dramatists, for incipient novelists and short-story writers, for latent sceniarists for the radio and even television. Aside from courses in public schools, there are hundreds of commercial schools which teach the client "to write successfully in three weeks—with moneyback guarantee!" It is merely a matter of paying the tuition fee, it appears, and the Nobel Prize for Literature is within one's grasp.

The multiplicity of literary "contests" in America also makes the average citizen extremely restive, since at times publishing-houses offer as much as ten thousand dollars for the "winning" novel in a certain field. Our bookkeeper, for example, is profoundly bored bending over his ledgers eight hours a day; at night, he is equally bored. But when he reads that he has a chance to win ten thousand dollars (!) by so simple an expedient, say, as writing a history about life during the Civil War, he sheds his boredom, bones up on General Grant's three volumes of memoires, and sets to work.

He learned to write in public school, didn't he? Of course, if he suspects the publisher wants a few literary flourishes, this American will delay the start of writing this profitable novel until he has learned to split infinitives with the best of his competitors.

And, aside from the promised ten thousand dollars, or thirty or fifty thousand, Literature offers other inducements to the 130,000,000 Americans. For example, successful novelists and poets become idols in the United States, even when the public has ignored them to the point of their starvation; they are lionized and women leaders of society fall over themselves seeking them as dinner guests and week-end guests.

The tragedy for most of these 130,000,000 writing Americans is, of course, that their material never gets published, and is bad to the point of noisomeness. Nevertheless, no one can tell an American that writing is a talent, and not a facility to be acquired—like spitting between your front teeth, or swallowing goldfish. But since America as yet has no Dante, Homer or Goethe, it is perfectly fitting that everybody writes, or tries to; and there appears nothing unbecoming or presumptuous when every young girl to whom one is introduced says, charmingly, "Oh—you are the writer! I also am writing."

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War and Fashion

By JAMES LAVER

World Review, London Topical Monthly

THE study of female fashion is very far from being the trivial pursuit it is sometimes considered. The common view is that the cut of a dress, the shape of a hat, a waistline high or low, an angle of a feather or the color of a trimming, are things quite arbitrary, decided upon by a small group of designers sitting in Paris, London or New York, and imposed willy-nilly on an unsuspecting and herd-like public. The history of costume confutes this view completely. There *is* a rhythm in dress, there *is* a meaning in fashion, as anyone can be convinced who will take the trouble to stand far enough away from the problem to get it into perspective.

It is a curious fact that no one can *see* the fashions of today or those of the last few years. The eye is confused by the multiplicity of detail, the essential line escapes. Yet the clothes of any given epoch are a unity, and no detail of them could be changed without falsifying the picture. The fan of the Pompadour, the folding parasol of Queen Victoria—from such trifles it is possible to reconstruct not only the dresses worn by those who handled these objects but the whole background of their lives and even the political opinions and social conditions of their period. If this is so—as it undoubtedly is—then fashion, far from being a frivolity, is always the epitome of an epoch and in it can be seen reflected, as it were, in miniature, the whole of an age.

It would be strange, therefore, if war did not have a profound effect upon fashion. It has, and what is even more to the purpose, its effect is always the same. In considering this, minor wars must, of course, be ruled out. The British Empire has been engaged in a war of some kind for about a third of its history. War is only of importance when it provokes, or is accompanied by, some profound social upheaval, and for the purpose of comparison it will be sufficient to consider two such wars—that which followed the French Revolution and that which is now called World War I.

The first of these—the French Revolution—marked a sharp reaction against the costume of the preceding period. Marie Antoinette had worn towering headdresses and billowy skirts, kept in position by hoops. Materials had been very rich: brocaded silks with many trimmings. It is true that she had from time to time played at being a milkmaid, but the little china shepherdesses with their bows and ribbons and their garlanded crooks, still to be seen in collections of eighteenth-century porcelain, show exactly the kind of milkmaid she was. Her "country" costume was just another kind of fancy dress.

During the "Terror" people dressed simply and shabbily in order to escape notice, but with the fall of

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Robespierre there was a new outburst of fashion. Only the fashion in question was very different from what had gone before. Vanished were the rich materials, vanished the hoops and the high-heeled shoes. It was the mode to admire things Greek and Roman (were not the Greeks and Romans republicans, at least for part of their history?) and, so, women clad themselves in what they fondly imagined was the dress of the Ancients. This psuedo-classical dress can best be imagined by describing it as a white nightgown made of muslin or other flimsy material, the flimsier the better. Some *Merveilleuses*, as the fashionable ladies of the *Directoire* were called, went so far as to wear semi-transparent dresses with pink skin tights underneath, or to damp the material slightly in order to make it cling and reveal the shape of the body beneath.

This tendency to wear less is one of the most striking and inevitable results of social upheaval, and the same result can be seen in the years following the war of 1914-18. In both periods, underclothes were almost entirely abolished or reduced to a single diaphanous garment in place of the multiplicity of skirts which had been worn before. In both, women began to reveal so much of their persons that if they had appeared thus only a few years before—say, in 1910 or 1780—they would undoubtedly have been arrested for indecent exposure.

In both periods they flung away their corsets, although in the eighteenth century the corset was not, for the most part, a separate garment, but was embodied in the dress itself. A characteristic of the dress of the *Ancien Régime* was its *visible* lacing up the front of the bodice. But the effect was the same: to emphasize the hips and to pinch in the waist, and this tight waist, for some profound reason of feminine psychology, is incompatible with violent social change. In other words, the flinging away of the corset is always a symbolical gesture. It means female emancipation and always accompanies it.

NOW, once tight-lacing has gone, there is no reason why the waist should remain in its normal position. Indeed, there is every reason why it should not, for if the waist is in its normal place, then small waists will be admired, and tight-lacing comes back again. So one can lay it down as an axiom that war results in women's waists either rising to immediately below the bosom—as in 1800—or sinking to the hips—as in the early 1920's.

Such fashions are entirely to the benefit of the young, and they mean, always, a revolt of youth against the elder woman. The mature woman of generous curves is at her best in an elaborate toilette, and in ages when this is fashionable the *jeune fille* sinks into the background. But in periods of emancipation (which is not a steady progress as some feminists would like to think, but merely a recurring phenomenon) the *jeune fille* is no longer a *jeune fille*, but an independent young woman, and older women awake with horror to the fact that the emancipated flapper is dictating fashion. The "little girl" dresses of the 1920's are a striking example of this, with their flat bosoms and their short skirts exposing a startling amount of leg. The dresses of 1800 were not short, but they were

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even more revealing, and although they rather emphasized the bosom, it was only the very young woman who could wear them to advantage.

The other thing which women always do when they feel themselves emancipated—the result of the breaking-up of the social framework—is to cut off their hair. If you study the head only of a woman of 1800 and a woman of the 1920's, you will find the two images interchangeable. It is only the dress, with its very high or very low waist, which reveals the difference of period. The hair is either cut close like a boy's (yes, the "Eton crop" was known in 1800—Mary Anne Clarke, the mistress of the Duke of Clarence, had a very charming one) or else dressed so close to the head that the effect is almost the same. The present war is almost certain to bring about the same result.

Hats are even more easily altered than clothes, and therefore provide a yet more sensitive weather-cock to show the way the social wind is blowing. It is sometimes thought that war, or social upheaval of any kind, causes hats to assume ever more fantastic shapes, to become enormous with bunches of plumes, to cover themselves with trimmings, lace or stuffed birds, to perch on the head at odd angles, to imitate market gardens, or ships in full sail. Nothing could be further from the truth.

As in clothes, so in hats, the effect of war is always a drastic simplification. After the French Revolution hats either became extremely small or disappeared altogether to give place to turbans or wreaths. After the Great War came the so-called *cloche*. Every woman wore the *cloche*, and those who had long hair were almost compelled to cut it off, or they found themselves unable to get the hat on their heads. Its form was of the simplest, a mere close-fitting helmet framing the face and bearing a regrettable likeness to the steel helmet of the German infantry. It became a uniform on which there was no place for trimming of any kind and very little for even small variety in cut.

It may be said that the *cloche* did not impose itself until after the Great War, and this is true enough. The same time-lag can be noticed in the hats of today. They are fantastic and cheeky, but they are not the hats influenced by the war, but the hats created by the preceding period of uneasy peace. Ater this war it is certain that hats, whatever their shape may be, will have one shape only and keep to it with monotonous persistence. The flying helmet may possibly provide a model. He would be a bold man who would prophesy, but certainly the odd shapes we see today will have disappeared and all women's heads, from behind, will once more look strangely alike.

ANOTHER striking result of the period of upheaval caused by a great war is the tendency of women's clothes—and interior decoration too, but that is another story—to assume a uniform color. Bright, variegated tints vanish, heavily patterned materials disappear, women get into uniform, not the formal uniform of a war job, but a civil uniform which they impose upon themselves. After the French Revolution, white became universal for women's dresses, as can

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easily be seen by a glance at the fashion plates of the period.

After the Great War, when so many women joined the auxiliary services, it might have been supposed that a reaction against drab was inevitable. Many women, returning to civil life, declared that they never wanted to see khaki again. Yet beige is nothing but the ghost of khaki, and they wore it for ten years. Perhaps after this war we shall see imposed on feminine fashion the phantom of Air Force blue.

At this point some indignant woman is sure to protest that there is nothing inevitable in all this, that other women may do what they like but that she, for her part, intends to follow her own taste, and express her own personality. Let it be so, by all means. A woman is never more convinced that she is expressing her own personality than when she is following the latest fashion. Women do not wear what they like—they like what they wear, and what they wear is decided for them by what the French would call the "climate" of their epoch, by the whole consensus of political events and social forces. To prophesy the future would be foolish, but it is permissible to draw conclusions from the past, and these conclusions all point the same way. This is the importance of fashion and its profound significance; and the only difference between the fashionable woman and the others is that the former is more sensitive to the prevailing influences and adapts herself to them first, not on the plane of the conscious intelligence, but in a much more occult and mysterious manner.

SO FAR as war and its effect on fashion is concerned, we may sum up our conclusions in a couple of formulae, each of which is capable of extension into a treatise. They might run as follows:

PEACE { *social stability — tight-lacing — normal waists — elaborate hair-dressing and the prestige of the* Grande Cocotte.

WAR { *social upheaval—no corsets—abnormal waists — short hair and General Promiscuity.*

Unless there is a universal collapse, the second of these two formulae is certain to operate at the conclusion of the present conflict.

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Horace Cole made a career of puncturing noted stuffed shirts

The Serious Art of Hoaxing

By JOSEPH HONE

The Listener, Weekly Organ of the British Broadcasting Corporation

IN A picture paper of thirty years ago—February 16, 1910—which I have by me, is a photograph of four Abyssinian princes. Profoundly impressive they look. Behind them is their German interpreter, and beside them, debonair in morning clothes, completely unembarrassed, a gentleman described as Mr. Herbert Cholmondeley of the Foreign Office. Mr. Herbert Cholmondeley had just conducted the princes to Weymouth, where, amid the pomp of a large part of the British Navy, the visitors had been shown over the mightiest battleship of those days—H.M.S. *Dreadnought*. Beneath the vast bushy moustaches of this Mr. Herbert Cholmondeley not even the smallest smile is to be seen, and it was typical of Horace Cole, otherwise Mr. Herbert Cholmondeley of the Foreign Office, that he should have been unruffled even by laughter at a moment when he had set all England laughing, set Europe laughing, and nearly set the House of Commons, the Admiralty and the Government by the ears. For that photograph is a picture of an enormous hoax which had driven a coach-and-four through all the formality which Horace Cole in his actions mocked at—at heart perhaps respected.

Horace Cole's jokes were probably the most serious things in a life which, it is right to say, found time for the cultivation of the things of the mind—art and poetry in particular. One side of the family was Irish, which may account for contradictions; Cole's greatuncle was the gentle poet Aubrey de Vere. There were many soldiers in his family; he would have been a soldier but for his deafness—he escaped from Eton to fight in the Boer War and it was a grief to him to be out of the World War.

London, Dublin and Paris were the scenes of his amazing hoaxes. There was the London prank Cole played on a Member of Parliament, so young, so handsome, so complacently respectable. This young politician had

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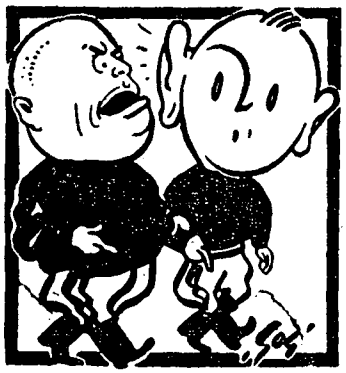
been boasting that a Member of Parliament could never be arrested. That very evening Horace had the M.P. himself arrested! This is how he did it. Strolling along Piccadilly with the M.P. and a friend, Horace slipped his gold watch into the M.P.'s pocket, then brightly proposed a race as far as Jermyn Street. Off they dashed, the M.P. well ahead, and when half-way across the street Horace began to shout "Stop thief! Stop thief!" The public responded gallantly, the running M.P. was chased, collared and



Cole declared that his watch had been stolen. He then wished to put an end to the joke, but the police, justifiably annoyed, hauled them all off to Vine Street, and though Cole tried hard to keep the next morning's police-court proceedings out of the papers, he failed to do so and the unfortunate M.P. almost had to resign, only saving himself by a two-hour speech of contrition to his constituents.

But the most famous hoax of all was that visit to H.M.S. *Dreadnought* in February 1910. At that time both the Home and Atlantic Fleets were concentrated in Weymouth Bay—a striking spectacle for the world—and Cole decided that the Fleet must receive the Princes of Abyssinia. For his "princes" he had available a tall athlete, Anthony Buxton, who had twice helped Harrow to beat Eton at Lord's, secondly Duncan Grant, the artist—his presence was felt to be a moral aid—thirdly Guy Ridley, the son of a judge, and lastly a beautiful young woman known to you as Virginia Woolf, the renowned author. Virginia Woolf's brother was the other member of the party—he posed as the interpreter to the Abyssinian princes—and pretended to be a German. Early on in the plannings the participants began to weary of studying the Abyssinian language and costumes at the British Museum, so cards were engraved in Swahili which was unlikely to be known to any Navy. Then Horace discovered that only one man in the Fleet knew Abyssinian, and so, by choosing a day when this officer would be absent, they themselves could talk a fictitious language. Meanwhile, Horace, by experiment, had found that at one West End Post Office, staffed only by women, the maddest telegram would be accepted with a smile. This was important as it would be essential to send a telegram to the Admiral of the Fleet.

Early on the chosen morning Willy Clarkson's make-up men began to turn three young men and one beautiful young woman into formidable-looking Abyssinians and the lady's brother into a somewhat dusky German interpreter. Here one mistake was made—the princes had not had breakfast and once disguised, their false complexions would have been ruined by eating, so they had to face a hungry and thirsty day. Then at the last moment, all learned with dismay that the Chief Staff Officer of the Fleet was a first cousin of the lady and her thinly

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disguised brother, the interpreter. It was too late by then to make plans against this considerable danger and Cole, quite unembarrassed, went off in his morning things to Paddington Station where the stationmaster, though astonished that the Government had not given him the customary advance warning to expect royalty, hurriedly arranged for a reception committee, special carriages and so on. On to the platform strode the dusky princes, the reception committee bowed and did the honors. It wasn't until the train had left that a fellow-conspirator who has never been convicted, dashed off to send to the Admiral at Weymouth a telegram signed in the name of Hardinge, the Permanent Under-Secretary at the Foreign Office. Cole had discovered that a first offender sending a false telegram was liable at most to a fine of ten pounds. Actually, though Scotland Yard and the Admiralty later tried hard to find out who had sent the telegram, they never succeeded.

ON THE train Cole and the poorly-disguised interpreter had luncheon in almost regal style, but the unfortunate princes, starving in their reserved carriage, nearly mutinied until finally Cole bought four bath buns at Reading and, behind drawn blinds, the "princes" munched their buns. And then the express steamed into Weymouth where beside a red carpet stood the Commander in Chief's Flag Lieutenant with cocked hat and sword. Two motor cars were waiting, but Cole for some mad reason insisted that the "princes" must travel in a growler. The growler was a tight fit, but by dint of much rear pushing the four "Highnesses" were stuffed into the cab and off they went, the four starving ones packed into the cab, Cole out ahead in one motor car, delighted and unembarrassed as ever. The Admiral's launch took the party out to the flagship, where the Admiral, Commanders, Staff and a guard of honor of bluejackets were all drawn up with the band ready to play the Abyssinian National Anthem. But the band did not know the Abyssinian Anthem, nor was there an Abyssinian flag to be found, and by an extraordinary coincidence the anthem played and the flag flown from the flagship were the anthem and flag of Zanzibar, whose "princes" Cole had previously impersonated in another hoax at Cambridge. Utterly bursting with delight at this fine coincidence, Cole solemnly introduced the "Ras el Sabganya," "Ras el Mendax"—his only regret being that he had failed to bring the official coffee-maker who was to have made coffee on the deck of the flagship and also stop the sun from setting too soon. Most courteously and laboriously the officers showed their guests around. The really remarkable part of the story, so typical of the man, is that Cole did not once laugh during the long tour of H.M.S. *Dreadnought*—not even when the ship's guns and instruments were explained to the "princes" and the four of them threw up their arms admiringly and exclaimed each time "Bunga-Bunga."

When it came to tea-time Cole saw to it that he himself had a good tuck in, but said that in Abyssinia princes took food only twice a day, and then impudently added that in any event their Highnesses had already had bath buns on the train. So Cole had a good tea, while up on deck the

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"princes" went on saying more and more hungrily "Bunga-Bunga!" And then the blow fell! For just then there appeared the Chief Staff Officer, own first cousin of the lady prince and the poorly disguised interpreter. To Cole's horror, the officer's eyes centered at once on the interpreter and he quickly demanded: "Who is that fellow there?" Desperately Horace answered "Their Royal Highnesses' German interpreter." "What!" exclaimed the officer angrily, "a German! But we oughtn't to have Germans on board the *Dreadnought*." And Cole breathed again.

When it was time to go, the guns were manned for a royal salute, but etiquette demanded that a request must be made for a salute, and just as the interpreter was about to make the request, the band struck up "God Save the King" and the interpreter was afraid to speak for fear of exploding into laughter. So, with "Zank oo ver mooch" and many "Bunga-Bungas" the party went off amid naval cheers. Back at the station, Horace actually tried to invest the Flag Lieutenant with the Imperial Order of Ethiopia, which he had obtained in

—Il Travaso, Rome

London. Now, with the whole plot almost successful, disaster once again seemed to swoop down, for barely had the Chief Prince stepped from the red carpet and the cheering crowds into the train than half his false moustache fell off. He had a cold and had sneezed it off. He glued his face to the window on the off-side and sat with twisted neck and jammed nose until the train left the station.

Even now, Horace had not finished. When the starving "princes" clamored for food, Horace secretly told the train attendants that their "Highnesses" could receive food only from people wearing gray kid gloves, and in the dusk of that February evening, the express was stopped at Reading while the town was searched for two pairs of gray kid gloves.

Back in London, Horace quickly arranged that the press should have photographs and a full story, and then he sat back to enjoy the fruits of his day's labor. Questions were asked in the House of Commons, Scotland Yard hummed; the Admiralty hummed wildly; a book was written about the occurrence; but the crown of Cole's delight was when he learned that a Royal Prince, one of Prince Louis of Battenberg's sons, had while returning to his ship crossed the bows of the launch bearing Cole's party and had been severely reprimanded for crossing the bows of royalty.

Thus ended the greatest of Cole's practical jokes. Others followed, but times changed, and Cole with them to some extent. In his last years, spent in France—he died in 1936—he developed the more contemplative side of his nature, although friends who saw him noticed little decline in his old high spirits.

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Nothing New in Censorship

Adapted from the *National-Zeitung*, Basle Liberal Daily

CENSORSHIP has become a commonplace today, and Europeans are becoming accustomed to the appearance of gaping spaces of white in their newspapers. Since these restrictions now affect so large a part of the world's population—of their newspapers, magazines, of the mails or the radio waves—it may be of interest to look briefly at the evolution of censorship in history.

So far as is known, antiquity was little troubled by the pestiferous censor. In Greece, the equivalent of the modern-day blue-pencil was virtually unknown. There the drama, of course, was the public's mouthpiece, comparable to our twentieth-century press; by design, provocative and dissenting opinions were aired in the plays of the Greeks. It must be admitted, nevertheless, that since most of these plays were produced at the expense of the state, they had already been subjected to a degree of censorship or, at least, of tacit approval by government; but, that being so, the state did not forbid dramas (as those by Aristophanes) in which statesmen and state institutions were roundly belabored. If such dramatists went too far, and after due course of trial, were adjudged enemies of the state, they could be punished by execution. But until such time, any man's opinions were tolerated.

Later, abuses crept in and the cry arose for some degree of censorship over the "Parabase," that section of the Greek drama in which the playwright directly addressed his public. When the Greek theater lapsed into decadence, Plato demanded that some restrictions be placed over the writings of dramatists so that "improper statements" might not be carried to the people.

The Romans were less tolerant. The Emperor Augustus, according to Tacitus, was the first to punish the author of the written word, where he deemed it dangerous to the State. But Tacitus scoffed at those rulers who "exercised their momentary possession of power to suppress beliefs with which they did not entirely agree." All banned writings, he jeered, are read with eagerness so long as they are officially proscribed. Diocletian went even further than Augustus: he ordered the crucifixion of Hermogines, and he sponsored a law providing for the execution of booksellers dealing in writings directed against the Emperor.

During the centuries when Christian conceptions were in conflict with those of antiquity, and until the beginning of the era when the Catholic faith became supreme, those in power always sought to prohibit the publication of the faith of the opposed side. This was a fairly simple matter, so long as the creed of the opposite side found its written expression in a few books, owned by a few persons. The destruction of these volumes was almost tantamount to the destruction of

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the doctrine expressed in their contents.

The first instance of censorship by the Christian church is said to be the suppression, by the Synod of Bishops of Asia Minor, of a "forged" biography of Paul. And gradually an early variation of an Index appeared. Supposedly apocryphal stories of saints were burned, or their circulation prohibited, or these writings were gathered in by the bishops and thus withdrawn from circulation.

Censorship was also extended to "heathenish customs and acts of magic." A frequent sight was the burnings of the "Books of the Magi." Those in power often persecuted their enemies using as pretext the charge that they were teaching "magic." This was merely another and devious form of censorship.

In the Middle Ages, censorship became more formalized. In France, all the guilds connected with the production, manufacture and distribution of books fell under one special jurisdiction of the state, and these included the scribes, the bookbinders and the bookdealers. The University of Paris, the spiritual capital of the Christian world, included a permanent bureau of censorship, and this office had charge of administering the oath from all members of the various book guilds. Moreover, it laid down the rules and regulations aimed against the publication of "objectionable matter." Before publication and distribution, all books had to be approved by this authority. There were heavy penalties imposed upon anyone buying or selling—or even borrowing—books that had not been officially sanctioned by this censor. As late as 1567, death by hanging was extended to anyone who participated in the manufacture or distribution of a book not stamped with the approval of the state.

—*Cavalcade*, London

Twenty years after printing became an established trade, with the invention of movable type, the Bishop of Cologne issued an edict prohibiting the manufacture, selling and even the reading of any books that had not been first submitted in manuscript for censorship.

In Germany, the new invention brought a flood of Reformation pamphlets, even though punishment for uncensored products of the printing-press was extremely severe, including torture of author, printer and bookseller. The chief printers of pamphlets, however, were journeymen who often were unbelievably fast in their work and thus sometimes difficult to find. But when the secular powers united with the Church authorities, in the fight against "seditious" movements, officials in the urban communities often protected authors and printers from prosecution.

THE inevitable effect of the invention of printing was to weaken the work of the censors and, throughout history, most often those who demanded the imposition of restrictions upon authors and printers met with ridicule and indifferent success.

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One of the world's greatest cultures has been lost in the dust of history

The Mystery of Maya

By WILBUR BURTON

Tien H'sia, Chinese Literary Monthly

THE Mayas, in the opinion of Dr. S. G. Morley of the Carnegie Institute of Washington, D. C., who has spent more than thirty years studying them, "must be regarded as the greatest people who ever lived."

Dr. Morley's view is that the greatness of a people should be appraised by their cultural achievements in relation to their material fundamentals of civilization. From an anthropological standpoint, the five major steps in civilization—although not necessarily in the order named—have been: use of fire, invention of agriculture, invention of the wheel, use of metal tools, and the domestication of draft animals. Of these five steps the Mayas (and the Incas and Aztecs as well) accomplished but the first two, thus being materially on a par with the neolithic man. Yet the Mayas, Incas and Aztecs alike built vast empires, and in collectivist economic organization —under a totalitarian dictatorship— the Incas surpassed the Mayas. But the Incas never achieved writing, nor anything beyond primitive mathematics and astronomy, while Aztec writing was purely pictorial and such culture as they had otherwise was largely of Mayan origin.

In sensationally striking contrast to not only the Incas and the Aztecs, but to any other known people of all time on a similar material level, the Mayas full 2,000 years ago developed a hieratic writing equal to that of the Egyptians, attained the abstract mathematical concept of zero, invented a positional, 'vigesimal' (by twenties) system of writing numbers, devised a calendar that was exact to a day within a period of 374,000 years—while the Julian calendar of their Spanish conquerors was eleven days off, conceived of a five-million-year span of time, learned to predict eclipses, noted exactly to a day within a thousand years the orbit of Venus in relation to that of the earth, and without the use of fractions (which their mathematics lacked) they cal-

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culated the lunar year correctly over fifty-year periods—a feat involving intricate intercalation since the exact time of the moon's revolution around the earth is 29.53 days.

We of this age are so used to all these things that a little reflection is perhaps necessary to appreciate the significance of their discovery in the cultural evolution of mankind. Consider the change of seasons for a prime example: it must have taken man a long, long while to fix the precise time of the equinoxes and solstices. If you stand in the west door of the Mayan astronomical observatory in the ruins of Chichen-Itza on an equinoctial date you will see the sun set on a line due west of center. Much more primitive people than Maya, however, recorded this phenomenon in their temples; in one very ancient instance, it was noted in the construction of Stonehenge on what is now called Salisbury Plain in England.

But zero is a purely intellectual concept that could come only after man had advanced quite far in mathematical reasoning. Speaking teleologically, nature thoughtfully provided us with ten fingers for a decimal count and twenty digits altogether for a vigesimal one; while zero had to be invented. In European mathematics it came through the Arabs from the Hindus; the chronology of the Mayas indicates that they contrived it about 500 years before the Hindus did. And they used it more logically than either the Hindus or we of today do. The Mayan calendar started with the day 0—zero,—for only elapsed time was counted. We count only elapsed time on the clock—that is, we say it is 12 o'clock only when the twelfth hour has actually been completed—but quite illogically we say it is January 1 before even a minute of the New Year has actually elapsed.

And in their concept of time, the Mayan achievement is amazing when we consider that many other peoples on their material level could scarcely think in thousands. The Mayas not only thought in millions, but juggled them accurately in their solar calendar, which included various cycles that ranged up to 2,888,000 days with interspersed and complex intercalations to make the periods conform to the true length of the tropical year.

YET Mayas today are among the most backward of all the Indians of the two Americas, distinctly below the Mexican average in culture and apparently completely sunk in the mire of superstition, illiteracy and physical decadence. They are, be it observed, directly descended from—and only four centuries removed from—the Mayas who possessed the incredibly advanced civilization that I have briefly sketched. There is even one known living link with the priestly hierarchy of the old Mayan empire in the family of the Tutul Xiu of Uxmal who sold out to the Spanish and became meagerly pensioned *hidalgos* in consequence, but the rest of the aristocracy was completely liquidated or submerged into the masses of the population. Their Spanish pension long since cut off, the descendents of the Tutul Xiu are now very poverty-stricken folk with not the slightest trace of memory of either Mayan greatness or culture although they have been reminded of both by foreign archaeologists fruitlessly seeking some enlightenment from them.

There are today approximately a

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half-million pure or very nearly pure Mayas in Yucatan, a few more in the rest of Mexico, and several thousands in Honduras and Guatemala—all the areas, comprising some 50,000 square miles, where their empires formerly flourished. Their last empire, nominally a part of the Aztec domain at the time Columbus inaugurated the European discovery and conquest of the Americas, centered in Chichen-Itza and Uxmal, near the modern city of Merida, in Yucatan. Cortez, after conquering the Aztecs in the Valley of Mexico, invaded the Mayan areas, but the complete Spanish conquest came a little later.

Complete it certainly was. With that Castilian fanaticism that is practically without parallel in history, the Mayas were ruthlessly subjected to Spanish sword and Catholic cross. All their culture was exorcized as diabolical, and its immediate disestablishment was pitilessly proclaimed and mercilessly enforced. So far as is known, every Mayan book was burned or otherwise destroyed, so that the only Mayan writing that has come down to us is that inscribed on stone. All the Mayan priests were dispersed, many killed, except a very few who were converted to Catholicism—like the Tutul Xiu of Uxmal. The masses en masse were herded into the only true Church, and henceforth for almost three centuries—until the Mexican revolutionary period starting under the Zapotec Juarez—Maya was thoroughly ruled and conditioned by the alien Catholic priesthood, although there were a few minor native uprisings.

With the thoroughgoing disruption of the Mayan empire, even Chichen-Itza and Uxmal were abandoned, and by the end of the first century of Spanish rule they were virtually buried in the fast-growing sub-tropical jungle. Of all things Mayan, only the people, their spoken language, and many religious superstitions and customs under the Catholic superimposition, persisted. For example, the dark delicious honey from the small stingless bees that the Mayas had domesticated—and probably developed—continued to retain its ancient esoteric religious significance, and an alcoholic drink made from it is used to this day in fertility rites at the planting of the crops. The spoken language continued unchanged except for a few inevitable Spanish additions, but the permitted writing of it was solely in the Spanish alphabet. Indicative of the sweep of the Spanish "reformation," new dances were devised to replace the native ones, which—lest someone get a wrong impression—were impeccably decorous.

A very few of the Spanish did perceive that the Maya was an unusual culture, and so they made some superficial study of it. The calendar was noted, as well as other phases of Mayan mathematics, and there was also obtained quite a complete Mayan chronology and considerable translation of history into Spanish. These apparently came from the last surviving Mayan intelligentsia—who knew both the Mayan written language and Spanish. But no key whatsoever was obtained to the Mayan written language, and except for inscriptions on stone it seems to have perished without a trace.

WHILE new material constantly comes to light—a part of which I will later mention—we prob-

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ably now know substantially as much about Maya as we ever shall, for in Dr. Morley's opinion the written language will most likely never be deciphered, nor would it help much if it were. For time has most probably destroyed any of the books—written on a perishable paper of a cactus fibre—that might conceivably have survived destruction by the Spanish, while the inscriptions on stone are apparently not sufficient to provide a key. The bulk of all inscriptions found on stone are only of dates, no Mayan ever essaying, in so far as intensive research has revealed, such an extensive literary foray as the Rosetta stone which furnished the clue for deciphering Egyptian hieroglyphs. Thus, there would be little to translate if translation were possible, and probably nothing to clear up any of the mystery of Maya since the priestly records the Spanish did obtain pertained exclusively to ceremonial, religious and astronomical matters, or to dates of dynastic events.

At least we know more of the Mayas than of any other people anywhere whose civilization has utterly perished, though of Mayan mystery there assuredly remains aplenty, and it has given rise to many curious theories among those whom the late Professor Münsterberg aptly called "the intellectual underworld." There is a whole literature which puts the key to Maya in books now kept hidden in Tibetan lamaseries, with lost Atlantis and a lost Pacific Island of Mu thrown in. As I recall, these romancers have the Mayas running in unbroken line back to some mighty civilization of 50,000 years ago.

In this same school, through ways I can't precisely recall, Maya and the Toltec ruins in the Valley of Mexico are connected with both ancient Greece and China. Having made some extensive first-hand observation of China, and slight first-hand acquaintance with Greek ruins, I took especial note of both Mayan and Mexican ruins to see if I could find anything that reminded me in the least of either Greece or China. For what it may be worth, I could find nothing —except that all the human species have much in common and so at given stages in culture express themselves somewhat alike.

Ancient Egypt, too, figures in the romantic connection of Tibet and China with Atlantis and Mu and Maya and Toltec, but I could see only a very superficial resemblance between the Egyptian pyramids and those in the Valley of Mexico and at Chichen-Itza. Construction is entirely different, and neither the Mayas nor Toltecs used their pyramids for burial purposes. Instead, they were solid and apparently used as altars to the sun and moon.

I did find one curious fact that might possibly point to some remote connection between Maya and ancient China. Both seem to have had corn, or maize. In the West it is generally supposed that maize originated, or was developed, in the Americas and unknown to the rest of the world before Columbus. Moreover modern investigations have indicated that the Mayas were the first Indians to grow maize—which was their staple food. But ancient Chinese records seem to show clearly that exactly the same plant was known in this country more than two thousand years ago.

Now maize is the most domesticated of all common plants. Nowhere so far as is known does it grow wild;

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what wild plant it evolved from has never been traced definitely; and—unlike wheat, for example—it will not grow wild, being smothered out by other vegetation before it matures, unless it is cultivated. Possibly the ancient Chinese or some other people in Asia and the Mayas developed maize wholly independently of each other—or possibly the Mayas brought it with them from Asia to North America. Most probably, in general anthropological opinion, all the American Indians are of Asiatic origin, migrating in successive waves by way of the Aleutian Islands ten thousand or more years ago.

But of all the varied Indian types, the Mayas are about the farthest removed from the Mongolian in appearance. Their noses are peculiarly curved, and they evidently regarded this feature as their racial hallmark, for it is emphasized in all their bas-reliefs and sculpture. More unique innate qualities have been revealed by Carnegie Institute medical investigations. They have a higher basal metabolism and lower pulse rate (averaging only 52 beats a minute in one group examined) than for either the Caucasian race or other sub-tropical peoples. Also, various authorities agree that they are probably more lacking in sex instinct than any other known people. They seem almost utterly passionless, and the few phallic symbols found in their temples were probably an effort to overcome this. In one temple of Chichen-Itza there are four rooms that were apparently devoted to phallic worship, with two phalli—each about eleven inches in diameter at its maximum—to a room, above stone platforms, while outside are stones for grinding corn.

The present-day Mayas are generally short-lived, the men dying between thirty-five and forty and the women at slightly more advanced ages. Anemia and intestinal diseases are rampant, but they are almost completely free from syphilis—possibly because the disease originated among them (from whence it was carried to Europe) and so a racial immunity has developed in the course of thousands of years. The theory of the American origin of syphilis has often been disputed, but it would seem that much valid evidence for it is furnished by the virtual Mayan immunity to the disease, for already some degree of immunity has been developed among the European peoples longest exposed to it.

FOR no explained motive they went from southern Mexico to what is now Guatemala and Honduras, and then to Yucatan with Chichen-Itza as their last capital. This move, too, is not explained, although impoverishment of the soil was probably the reason. For their agricultural technique, in production of maize, included no replenishment of the soil, and maize is highly exhausting to the soil.

In addition, Lincoln Satterthwaite, Jr., of the University of Pennsylvania Museum, has just discovered in the ruins of Piedras Negras, capital of their Honduran-Guatemalan empire, evidence of extensive human destruction. Since there is no indication of invasion from the outside, a primitive revolution may be presumed—perhaps following impoverishment of the soil and futile efforts of the priests to alleviate economic distress by supernatural means.

In any event, the priesthood evi-

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dently survived to re-establish the old social order in Yucatan; and here Maya reached its final flowering, about three centuries prior to Columbus. Considering the primitive tools and the lack of the true arch, the structures built in Chichen-Itza and Uxmal are most impressive.

The Mayas were never a warlike people, in so far as all their records reveal—they did not even have the bow and arrow until it was introduced from otherwise less advanced Mexicans—but their religious rites were almost as sanguinary as those of the Aztecs. Perhaps Aztec influence increased the holy bloodshed, for in the last years there were constantly growing human sacrifices. One form was the leaping of virgins into the Sacred Well, either to conciliate the gods or to extract blessings from them.

A MOST striking manifestation of Mayan culture are the bas-reliefs that fully cover almost every wall, depicting politico-religious ceremonies. Outstanding in the bas-reliefs is the expressive difference in faces. Even the Greeks, despite all they achieved in sculpturing physique displayed little ability to chisel facial expression, while no two faces of a Mayan series are exactly alike and there is also a wide range of emotions registered. All the bas-reliefs were highly colored with pigments of enduring quality.

Mayan numbers and ideographs are more intricately complex than those of ancient Egypt—or China. All the writing, including the numbers, was obviously strictly hieratic, that is, religiously esoteric and mystic, without the slightest *demotic*—or common—trace. Alike from ruins and records, it is clear the priests dominated everything and that the masses were kept in total ignorance of all academic culture, although many of them were trained artisans. The many mistakes found in inscribing dates would indicate the artisans did not know the meaning of what they were carving. I have said that all structures subserved religious purposes; so, too, it appears, did the few roads that were built.

The famous Mayan calendar itself was not used by the masses; the popular almanac was a religious cycle of 260 differently named days that had no basis in the astronomical observations of the priests. But the real calendar had a unique social significance: it constituted the principal weapon of priestly domination over the masses. Time, so to speak, was in the hands of the priests, and only they could predict lucky and unlucky days for every variety of human activity, fix the dates for religious festivals, and regiment social life generally. Never elsewhere in the world, so far as I can find, was a calendar similarly employed as a major instrument of social control.

The priestly oligarchy was hereditary but racially the same as the masses until in the last empire, when there was successively some Toltec and Aztec infusion. In unexplained contrast we find that in the Inca empire, the ruling—and also priestly—hierarchy were racially different from their subjects. In crania, for example, there was shown a decided superiority in intellectual power over the other races of the land, and as best we can surmise they originally were a small, superior group who came from somewhere into Peru and obtained control over the natives both by being genu-

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inely more advanced in practical arts and agriculture and through claiming to be offspring of the sun. Perhaps they were a branch of the Japanese ruling family!

The prototype of the Aztec Quetzalcoatl is prominent in Mayan legend also as the Plumed Serpent god, but under the name of Kukulcan, and in Mayan bas-reliefs he is clearly depicted as a full-bearded European, completely lacking in any Mayan (or other Indian) facial characteristic. He—whoever he may have been—was probably the only important alien cultural influence among the Mayas before the Spanish conquest, although Toltec and Aztec successively borrowed from Maya. There was, of course, as I have mentioned in the case of the bow and arrow, some Mayan borrowing from other Indians in artifacts, and possibly too in religious practice. But the Mayan intellectual culture was all their own with the bulk of it certainly long antedating Quetzalcoatl although he might have added something to the material manifestation of it. Mayan legend, like the Aztec, would indicate he was adept in many practical arts.

There are several indications that Maya started to decline at least a century before Columbus.

Maya, Aztec and Inca alike were wholly and completely governed and regimented by hereditary, presbyterial aristocracies: theocratic totalitarianism in its fullest flowering. In all, as Prescott remarked of the Aztec régime, the priests—including the government officials from the king down—"impressed the ignorant people with sentiments of superstitious awe, beyond that which has probably existed in any other country—even in ancient Egypt."

Certainly Maya collapsed more quickly and more completely by far than either Inca or Aztec. Moreover, the Aztec has staged an appreciable comeback, while the pure Mayas remain sunk in abject lethargy. Virtually none today are in business or any professions or are well educated. Due to the Aztec revolutionary quickening of modern Mexico, there have been in the past two decades many attempts at radical reform in Yucatan, but almost entirely by Indians from the rest of Mexico or Spanish-Maya *mestizos*. Education, for example, is nominally compulsory, but the pure Mayas rarely send their children to school if they can evade the law.

In every way, the Mayas display less zest for life than any other of the scores of people I have ever sojourned among. Even the extensive consumption of alcohol, which is very common among almost all male Mayas, tends only to produce a pathetic, unsmiling animation.

ONLY one Maya, taken young and trained by the Carnegie Institute, has ever participated in the modern studies of the Mayan past. Otherwise, the Mayas of today seem totally oblivious to their past and not very interested in either the present or the future.

Such are the heirs of "the greatest people who ever lived"!

Indeed, the last incredible aspect of the mystery of Maya is that a living people could so quickly lose all memory or tradition of their past except for spoken language and many animistic superstitions under a new religion imposed by an alien priesthood.

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Twenty-five Years Ago

World events as interpreted by The Living Age, *December 1915*

IN AN article on *Modern Austria* in the *Quarterly Review*, Lord Cromer wrote: "Signor Virginio Gayda, whose work, entitled *La Crisi di un Impero*, has now been most opportunely translated into English, is a writer of ability. His facts are marshalled with lucidity. His generalizations, though perhaps at times somewhat too comprehensive, are bold and striking. His proclivities are ardently nationalist and anti-clerical, with apparently a strong tinge of socialism. He pours forth all the vials of his wrath on the Christian Socialists of Austria who, he considers, under the auspices of the late Dr. Lueger, betrayed the cause both of nationalism and socialism by forming an unnatural alliance with the Church." If Lord Cromer had been able to foresee Mussolini, he could have predicted that Gayda would be his "mouthpiece."

The predictions of the *Revolutionary Role of Aircraft in War* by T. F. Farman, in *Blackwood's Magazine*, have been all too well fulfilled. He wrote, "It does not require much discernment to foresee that the mastery of the air, now indisputably acquired by man, must entail profound modifications in military and naval armaments, and consequently in the strategy and tactics of commanders, as well as in the composition of their armies. . . . In future warfare [airplanes] will assert their existence to an extent not yet fully recognized even by the chiefs of the war office and admiralty of any nation. . . . It may be said, avions have already superseded cavalry for scouting, which they can effect infinitely quicker than horsemen, and with comparatively little risk. They can, moreover, carry their exploration far to the rear of the enemy's fighting lines. . . . There seems good reason for believing that the great battles of the future, on which the destinies of nations will depend, will be fought by mighty aerial fleets, and that the land forces of the victors will complete the conquest by the prompt occupation of the enemy's country, of which the army will be at their mercy, especially because the victorious aerial fleet will surely be able to aid most materially in constraining it to surrender. . . . The moment will come, and it is probably less distant than the general public imagine, when all the powers of Europe will possess in their aerial fleets the means of putting the courage of the non-combatant populations of the enemy's country to a serious test. It is not only possible to imagine, but reasonable to foresee, that a foe may be inspired with the same contemptible sentiments as those of which the Germans now boast and will be able to dispatch a fleet of thousands of aerial vessels on a mission of devastation, which it may, by surprise, succeed in accomplishing, at least in part, before it can be opposed by the aerial defenders of the country, since it will

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be possible to make the start from almost anywhere, and to select the most unexpected destination."

The *New Statesman's* opinion of *The Blue Pencil* was that "if the Press Censorship does not grow more effective, it at least grows more amusing. Last week it was Mr. Kipling who came under the blue pencil; this week it is Browning; tomorrow, perhaps, it will be the Holy Bible. . . . If the Censor did nothing worse than mutilate the poets, all of us except the poets would forgive him. What fills us with despair is that, at a time when it is, above all, necessary to impress upon the public that intelligence is in power, he should have instituted a reign of unintelligence and thereby weakened the confidence of the people in their rulers. . . . The object of the establishment of the censorship was to obfuscate the Germans, not to obfuscate Englishmen, and yet we find it again and again deliberately concealing from English readers facts which are known to every German schoolboy. . . . At the same time, it is only fair to remember that any office staffed with men armed with blue pencils is bound to work unsatisfactorily. Everyone who has ever worked in the office of a daily paper knows what an eternal feud exists betwen the reporters and the sub-editors."

The most recent German "atrocity" was the execution of Nurse Edith Cavell. The British did not dispute the German charge that Miss Cavell had harbored fugitives and aided their escape from Brussels but felt, as the *Spectator* expressed it, in *Mercy and War*, that "though martial law in all countries prescribes the death penalty for a variety of offenses, civilized men practice an ample discretion in inflicting it. It is the mark of civilization to exercise this discretion. It is inconceivable that if Miss Cavell had been a German who had committed the same offense in England, she would have been executed. . . One can think of a dozen ways—of which a direct appeal to the German Emperor is only one, but a sure one in an absolutist country—whereby Miss Cavell could have been saved." The *New Statesman* covered much the same ground in *Why It Is Worse to Shoot a Woman* and added, "Executions like that of Miss Cavell have about them for the modern imagination something of the horror of human sacrifices." Both journals were much interested in the effect of the affair on neutral public opinion, particularly, of course, in the United States.

DESCRIBING *Some American Problems*, W. R. Castle wrote in the *Dublin Review*: "There are two ideas which inspire Americans as a people, two ideas which are believed to represent the nation and which are expressed by the words progress and democracy. The terms remain the same, but their implication changes year by year. Progress, until recently, meant the economic development of the country, the invention and perfection of machinery, the building of innumerable railroads, above all the amassing of wealth. Today, more stress is put on social legislation. . . . Democracy tends in modern America to mean the levelling of all distinction, whether natural or artificial. It distrusts both wealth and intellectual power. It would foist into positions of responsibility those who lack real qualifications."

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Poems of the Month

Selected by OSCAR WILLIAMS

Three Memorial Sonnets

(For two young seamen lost overboard in a storm in Mid-Pacific, January 1940)

I

The seagull, spreadeagled, splayed on the wind,
Span backwards shrieking, belly facing upward,
Fled backwards with a gimlet in its heart
To see the two youths swimming hand in hand
Through green eternity. O swept overboard
Not could the thirty-foot jaws them part,
On the flouncing skirts that swept them over
Separate what death pronounced was love.

I saw them, the hand flapping like a flag,
And another like a dolphin with a child
Supporting him. Was I the shape of Jesus
When to me hopeward their eyeballs swivelled,
Saw I was standing in the posture of vague
Horror, oh paralyzed with mere pity's peace?

II

From thorax of storms the voices of verbs
Shall call to me without sound, like the vowel
Round which cyclones rage, to nurse my nerve,
My shaken, my broken, my oh I shall grovel
Heart. I taste sea swilling in my bowels,
As now I sit shivering in the swing of waves
Like a face in a bubble. As the hull heaves
I and my mind go walking over hell.

The greedy bitch with sailors in her guts,
Green as a dream and formidable as God,
Spitting at stars, gnawing at shores, mad, randy,
Riots with us on her abdomen and puts
Eternity in our cabins, pitches our pod
To the mouth of the death for which no one is ready.

III

At midday they looked up and saw their death
Standing up overhead as loud as thunder
As white as angels and formidable as God:
Then, then the shock, the last gasp of breath,
As grazing the bulwarks they swept over and under,
All the green arms around them that load
Their eyes, their ears, their stomachs with eternals,
Whirled away in a white pool to the stern.

But the most possible of all miracles
Is that the useful tear that did not fall
From the corner of their eyes, was the prize,
The flowers, the gifts, the crystal sepulcher,
The funeral contribution and memorial,
The perfect and non-existent obsequies.

—GEORGE BARKER
in LIFE & LETTERS TODAY (London).

Up and Down Stairs

Not at the leap, from which plumbs falling back
The thud with shock, must you ascend,
But at their own methodic term,
Not as the youth wants: like the knee-triggered buck,
Not to the beating fall of music canned,
But without the rhythm: climb the stairs.
Just the muscle length the foot can take,
That much higher, let the foot thump a tick.
Degreed, flat, as a boy is mistered,
After a birthday, after a storm.
Be practical and the stair is mastered.

Observe: the double-branched stair of the diplomats,
The aweing, solidified background of the groomed,
The politely talking sirs, the moving down motes
Of men, fulfilling the compact for countries crammed

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Jammed damned with multitudes on other stairs.
See: the escalator-roll for these, moved up, while none stirs.

Other stairs up which fire sweeps,
Stairs on which masses of child-flesh rush,
Stairs that the bleeding hand in dust-smell wipes.
Stairs THEY climb, stairs climbed under the whips;
Stairs discussed, but unassaulted by the rash.

Have you seen the two arms of solid grand stairs,
Rising imperial, used to the deep red carpet,
The bowing ministers and the bowing men-servants?
Or the outside stairs of the stone parapet,
The façade that shutters even the window-vents.
The remote repulsion of the house of wealth?
Stairs the diaphragm would like to climb by stealth,
Stairs which timidity shamed here creeps beneath?
Stairs eternally under the invisible hard wreath?

The outside and the inside formal stairs,
With the great curve, forever also set in pairs,
Where beauty with the money-mask lovely sweeps,
Sweeps her belled foot, train and sweet smell,
No cousin to her who on a dark stair sweeps
And even tonight, as you read, drains the soapy hands.
And on some noisome splintered stair ugly weeps
While beauty's man is free of the loot of bank and store?
One asleep awake triumphant on a stair
While one a-mourning with the helled foot creeps.
Obsess yourself contrasting large with small.

Not you, hated you, reading you.
Yes, you, yea.
Climb, climb, climb.
Gather fortune dime by dime by dime.
Or lie beneath the fruited tree
Flat in the meadow where no stairs,
No sight of what to mount will try
To impinge upon your heart's stars
Where you dream and suck the easy, ripened pear.
For you know as you go; with your brain there's no pain
If you take your good stairs one by one
To your spot in the sun.
So you blot
Out the dark hot
Stairs
Which for you
Are not.

—GENE DERWOOD
in NEW DIRECTIONS 1940 Anthology

Pub

February 1940

The glasses are raised, the voices drift into laughter,
The clock hands have stopped, the beer in the hands of the soldiers
Is blond, the faces are calm and the fingers can feel
The wet touch of glasses, the glasses print rings on the table,
The smoke rings curl and go up and dissolve near the ceiling,
This moment exists and is real.

What is reality? Do not ask that. At this moment
Look at the butterfly eyes of the girls, watch the barmaid's
Precision in pouring a Scotch, and remember this day,
This day at this moment you were no longer an island,
People were friendly, the clock in the hands of the soldiers
For this moment had nothing to say.

And nothing to say and the glasses are raised, we are happy
Drinking through time, and a world that is gentle and helpless
Survives in the pub and goes up the smoke of your breath,
The regulars doze in the corner, the talkers are fluent;
Look now in the faces of those you love and remember
That you are not thinking of death.

But thinking of death as the lights go out and the glasses

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Are lowered, the people go out and the evening
Goes out ah goes out like a light and leaves you alone,
As the heart goes out, the door opens out into darkness,
The foot takes a step, and the moment, the moment of falling
Is here, you go down like a stone,

Are you able to meet the disaster, able to meet the
Cold air of the street and the touch of corruption, the rotting
Fingers that murder your own in the grip of love?
Can you bear to find hateful the faces you once thought were lovely,
Can you bear to find comfort alone in the evil and stunted,
Can you bear to abandon the dove?

The houses are shut and the people go home, we are left in
Our islands of pain, the clocks start to move and the powerful
To act, there is nothing now, nothing at all
To be done: for the trouble is real: and the verdict is final
Against us. The clocks go round faster and faster. And fast as confetti
The days are beginning to fall.

—JULIAN SYMONS
in POETRY: A Magazine of Verse

Broadway McPhail Applies for Reemployment at His Old Stand

Do I have to prove I can sell anything?
You can see it in my eyes, the way I brush my hair,
even when I need a drink and can't stop talking.

Do I have to prove it with my two hands and arms,
lifting five hundred pounds above my head,
until the house cheers and something falls,
the platform broken and the lights gone out,
crowds calling for police,
and a child crying for its mother down the aisles?

If the park is beautiful and the day is warm,
I can sell the power in my eyes that makes life grow
where not even one blade of grass has grown before,
that is like sunlight breaking through
darkness in a small room,
that shines and pours and flows,
that is here forever when it is here
and is gone forever as sunlight drops to darkness
when it goes.

I could even teach millions how to sell,
how to own a car and pay the rent,
how to live as though you were living in the sky,
your children happy before they get too old.
If you do it right, you can sell anything,
even your voice and what you think you hear,
even your face on billboards ten feet high,
your youth, your age and what you hate and love,
and it gets sold.

If you can wake up in the morning early,
if you can teach yourself to catch the train,
if you can hang out everything for sale,
if you can say, "I am a man,
I can sell asphalt off the street,
I can sell snowbright
dead women gleaming through shop windows,
or diamond horseshoe naked dancing girls.
or eight hours on my feet,
or twenty years of talk in telephones,
or fifty years behind a desk"—
you need not fail.

If you are strong as I am, you can hear
yourself talking to yourself at night
until your hair turns gray:
"I am God's white-haired boy,
I almost love the way I sell
my lips, my blood, my heart: and leave them there,
and no one else can sell such pity and such glory,
such light, such hope
even down to the last magnificent,
half-forgotten love affair."

Perhaps only I can do it as it should be done,
selling what remains, yet knowing that a last
day will come and a last half-hour,
or five minutes left impossible to sell,
the last more valuable than all the rest.

—HORACE GREGORY
in PARTISAN REVIEW

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Speaking of Books

By LEON BRYCE BLOCH

AT THIS moment, when many of the things man has long considered eternal are crumbling, Dumas Malone has performed a notable service to the cause of American Democracy in giving us a biography of Edwin A. Alderman. This is not only biography, but also a picture of an era and all its ideals, struggles and accomplishments.

It is no detraction from the book to say that Edwin A. Alderman might have been a greater man had he been born twenty years later. But he was, nevertheless a powerful force in the molding of his era, and what's more his creative genius produced uncounted numbers of men who are carrying on from where he left off. In fact, I can pay him no greater tribute than to say that his life has profoundly influenced my own, that had he not lived I doubt that my philosophy of life could ever have attained its current development.

This man was the sixth president of the University of North Carolina, the second president of Tulane and the first president of the University of Virginia, in the order named. But he was much more than any or all of these. In realistic analysis he becomes a prototype—the prototype of those lucid, crusading democrats, the best known of whom are perhaps Woodrow Wilson and William Jennings Bryan. These two grew famous because they were acting out their dramas on the national political stage. But men like Alderman, Curry, McIver and Aycock (in their section) were closer to the masses and, I believe, were more effective in directing the stream of American life.

Edwin A. Alderman was a disciple of Thomas Jefferson; their credo: "every man has the same right to be educated as to be free." It is therefore utterly fitting that the disciple should be the first to have won the presidential mantle of the university that the master founded. Before calling Dr. Alderman as its first permanent president, that university had closely followed Jefferson's ideal democracy, which almost amounted to oligarchy, the system of rotating chief executives. But the faculty and visitors had at last come to see that if the university was to remain great, if it was to keep in step with the movement of American life, they must go beyond the hallowed boundaries of Jefferson's handiwork. Else they must swim against the tide of history.

Jefferson's ideals could, in those days, be effected much more easily than they can be today. The human material with which the great educators of his day could work came to them with two of the three Jeffersonian imperatives intact; today our youth have lost all but one of them. Those boys matriculated in possession of manual dexterity and broad social vision. All they lacked was intellectual development. Today our youth matriculate with nothing but small,

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polished minds as their stock in trade.

However, Alderman—like Jefferson—took too much for granted. They assumed that the majority of men would understand their word "education" as they understood it, as the development of the three attributes of man. And since Alderman failed to provide a "blueprint for progress" it has remained for those who follow him to draft a floor-plan from his fine wash drawing.

If I were asked to evaluate Edwin A. Alderman succinctly, I should say that he wore well the robe of Jefferson, that he preached Jefferson's ideal of democracy—but he failed to embroider one new stitch on Jefferson's somewhat incomplete human doily. And Dumas Malone has made this evaluation amply clear.

NOW COMES Mr. Quincy Howe, with a bright, readable book which he calls *The News and How to Understand It*. This is really a series of essays dealing with newspapers, magazines, radio stations and those who make up those potpourris. Mr. Howe speaks from a long experience in this field, part of it as editor of this publication. Perhaps that is the reason he mentions us so flittingly.

It seems to me that Mr. Howe speaks much more feelingly, and authoritatively when he is on the subject of magazines, than when he sets out to catch the essences of the other news agencies. And he is on good, solid ground when he points out—by reason and example—that those magazines which have been hampered by the heavy hand of businessmen have been indifferent products and mostly failures, while those that have been dominated by their editors have been the outstanding successes.

A splendid exposition of the philosophy of wholism has been written by Thomas H. Howells in *Hunger for Wholiness*. This is a cogent plea for the development of whole men—total men. It is based upon an old concept, one that goes back to the early Greek philosphers, but it is now implemented by the latest scientific discoveries. The concept was also snitched by a man called Hitler (along with ninety-seven other concepts) in order to concoct a glorified mince pie which he called *Mein Kampf*. However, we must beware of allowing the German literary thief to pre-empt valid ideas. That is his game—to so muddy the stream of human thought that humanity will not be able to drink from the ancient font of knowledge. And I am sorry to report that too many of us Americans have fallen into the spider of Berchtesgaden's trap. But Mr. Howells is too brave to be frightened away from truth, just because a gangster has hidden behind it.

And for those who wish to wallow in a muddy little creek that is just a branch of Hitler's dirty river of corrupted language, we unreservedly recommend Anne Morrow Lindbergh's *The Wave of the Future*. I think it were better called *The Wave of Confusion*, and the subtitle, rather than "A Confession of Faith" a confession of weakness. It is incredibly beautifully written. So much the worse.

LOUIS M. HACKER has written an indignant letter about my criticism of his book and his ideological roots. That letter is printed on another page in this issue.

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Here, I point out in passing that the phrases quoted in the letter are accented unduly when removed from their context. Nevertheless, a careless word, used with less concern than I should have had, perhaps, under the circumstances, may have created a meaning I had no intention of making. I refer to that word "break." Since (as all those who have followed my opinions for a long time are aware) I am more concerned with the philosophies and ideals of men than their political affiliations; it was Dr. Hacker's reasoning about solutions of the world's problems to which I was referring. What I intended to imply is that while Dr. Hacker appears to have accepted part of Marx's dialectic—the class struggle, economic determinism, etc. —he appears to have rejected other Marxian concepts. The "break" was meant to imply antagonism to ideas; there were no political implications. If anyone has read more than that into my statement, it is thoroughly regrettable.

However, attacks are being made constantly on all men who indulge in public utterances and if a man enunciates sharp opinions he must expect, and should welcome, criticism. I have been denounced alternately as Fascist, Communist, Papist, liberal and reactionary; which merely reveals the inadequacy of labels.

Thus Dr. Hacker's labelling me (though not too directly) as a Nazi is less than painful. All thinking men believe in some concepts which the Nazis appropriate also, for example: the atomic theory, the law of inertia and that one and one make two. And, despite Dr. Hacker, I still hold to the belief in the profound importance of soil in human destiny. So do the literary agrarians and the Henry Georgists, and I might remind Dr. Hacker that one of his most esteemed confrères, Dr. Vladomir G. Simkhovitch, has written a book on the subject called *Hay and History*, which I heartily endorse.

No, Dr. Hacker, I'm afraid my storm trooper uniform fits me very badly.

EDWIN A. ALDERMAN. *By Dumas Malone. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 1940. 392 pages. $3.50.*

THE NEWS AND HOW TO UNDERSTAND IT. *By Quincy Howe. New York: Simon and Schuster. 1940. 250 pages. $2.00.*

HUNGER FOR WHOLINESS. *By Thomas H. Howells. Denver: The World Press Inc. 1940. 307 pages. $3.00.*

THE WAVE OF THE FUTURE. *By Anne Morrow Lindbergh. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 1940. 41 pages. $1.00.*

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CHRONOLOGY OF FAILURE. *By Hamilton Fish Armstrong. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1940. 202 pages. $1.50.*

ARMSTRONG'S *Chronology of Failure* will, henceforward, prove an indispensable springboard for the students of the disaster which, last spring, overwhelmed France and Western civilization. At that time, all diplomats, politicians and journalists were swept off their feet in the rush of tragic developments—and it must be said that, on the French side, the military leaders did not fare better. Hence our inadequate knowledge of that period. From day to day, observers could only record the advance of the German army *grosso modo* and the rest was left to the care of the historians to come. Hamilton Fish Armstrong is the first to try his hand at piecing together a connected story. He has carefully sifted the evidence available at this day, threshed out hastily written press telegrams and articles where the true and the false were hopelessly mixed up, summarized official documents, brought in fresh details obtained

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from inside reliable sources which go far to solve doubtful points and, owing to his grasp of European affairs in the last twenty years, he has succeeded in placing his calendar account in the right historical setting. Obviously, he chose to marshal facts in chronological order as the most likely method to keep him on safe ground. But he demonstrates that it is not of the essence of a chronology to be dull and monotonous, as often imagined. His synthetic gift, apparent in the two concluding chapters as well as his pungent style give the lie to the common belief.

With the conclusions reached by Mr. Armstrong, I am in general agreement, and the following remarks are a complement rather than a correction.

The cruel defeat inflicted upon the French Army must not be interpreted to mean necessarily that the "defensive doctrine" professed by General Gamelin (and his predecessors) was wrong. The truth is that it was not rigidly observed to the end.

In the first place, the field fortifications which had been built up between the end of the Maginot Line (in the district of Montmedy) and the sea were abandoned by the troops which under General Billotte were sent to Belgium on the tenth of May and, afterwards, they were lost to the enemy as the northern armies couldn't retreat southward and the divisions hastily thrown northward to replace them couldn't, in the thick of the battle, even install themselves there, every pill box etc. having been carefully sealed up. Then, when Gamelin and the other French generals believed that the German airplanes and tanks, even used massively, had not in their power speedily to break through the defensive lines, they assumed, of course, that the whole range of modern weapons would be brought into action against the attacker. Excellent anti-tank and anti-aircraft guns were known to be in possession of the French Army. Well, those weapons were at hand, but as the outcome of endless discussions between experts, ammunitions were practically non-existent. As a consequence, the French Army had to fall back upon its out-of-date guns of 1918. Finally through heedlessly plunging into the Belgian venture, General Gamelin was led to meet the German Army in the open with inferior material whilst the Maginot Line had been constructed for the specific purpose of enabling him to wait until the resources of the French and British empires had been mobilized. The explanation of that riddle is that he relied upon a prolonged Belgian resistance. He calculated that the Reichswehr would lose three men against every one Belgian in the attempt to force its way and that the Franco-British divisions would thus have a great chance to launch a successful counter-offensive—counter-offensives, of course, being included in the defensive doctrine. But, as the soldiers of King Leopold gave way a few hours after the Germans had moved forward, that strategy turned out to be merely a bid for utter disaster. By its own yardstick, the French General Staff, therefore, deserves to be damned. Maybe the defensive doctrine was ill-founded, but it did not have a fair trial.

SO MUCH for the military failure without which, after all, the bad political leadership and the moral division of Frenchmen would not have told, as they did, upon the fate of the country. Mr. Armstrong correctly assigns the origin of France's internal schism to the obstinate upholding of the gold standard between 1933 and 1936 which, if due account is taken of the falling off of the price level throughout the world, was tantamount to a revaluation of the currency. But, as to the bad political leadership, it asserted itself long before the monetary issue had arisen in its most acute form and in relation to external affairs. The scrapping of Poincaré's policy in 1924 and the dedication of France to the motto, "arbitration, disarmament, security," involved the disappearance of whatever French dynamism still obtained. In that decisive phase, French politicians (and those of the Right followed on the heels of those of the Left) made up their minds, once for all, to treat Germany as a nation which, by sundry concessions, could be distracted from the path of revenge. The Pan-Germanist trend was ignored, and even the warning that loomed so large on every page of *Mein Kampf* did not rekindle the old fear. A legal maxim says that *"possession vaut titre"* ("possession amounts to title"). French and British, in practice, had brought themselves to think that *"titre vaut possession."* Between their static empires and the Nazi revolution, the

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clash was bound to come. It would have been avoided only if France and Great Britain had deliberately humbled themselves to the extent of sharing in something like the status of Czechoslovakia. The most determined appeasers themselves would not have countenanced such a surrender. Through postponing the issue, the Western Powers shifted to Germany the advantage of selecting the most favorable moment to strike.

—PERTINAX

THE AMERICAN IMPACT ON GREAT BRITAIN, 1898-1914. *By Richard H. Heindel. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press, 1940. 439 pages. $4.00.*

TO understand our own civilization, we must examine its impact upon others—and this not in general and idealistic terms, as has been done so often, but in the concrete detail of particular situations. Doctor Heindel could not have chosen a more fitting segment of history to introduce a series of studies devoted to this theme than the effect of America on every aspect of British life between the Spanish-American and the first World War.

This reviewer, who lived in England during most of that period, can testify to the thoroughness with which the author has done his job. The picture he recreates is a realistic one. He seems almost afraid of generalizations to which he devotes a mere epilogue of less than five pages. Further analysis probably would have made even stronger two of the tentative conclusions: "that our democracy may have lost some of its world-wide inspirational value, . . . that our world influence for good does not inevitably increase like a rolling snowball."

These wholesome lessons are inescapable when we examine how the various political, economic, social and artistic currents that flowed from this country have seeped into the daily life of a kindred people. Americans have never ceased to think of themselves as bringers of light to the rest of the world. But they have not in modern times been accepted at their own valuation either in England or anywhere else. The picture of America which most people gained from their reading and from their contact with Americans was of a country torn by inner contradictions, where new groups constantly emerged to assume economic and therefore also political control, where cultural heritages were rolled out to a common dead level—the country *par excellence* of superficiality, aggressiveness, and vulgarity.

Doctor Heindel avoids generalizations such as these. His business is with the detailed facts. But from his pages packed with information there stands out the reluctance—one might almost say, repugnance—with which Britishers adopted the fruits of American genius. They prided themselves on their fastidious taste, printed hardly any but sensational news from America, swore at American manners, laughed over American eccentricities, deplored American language and literature, and were at heart dreadfully afraid of American competition. The British at that time missed most of the things they could so easily have adopted from this side to rejuvenate some of their aging institutions, procedures and ideas.

One remembers Lady Aberdeen, wife of a former ambassador to the United States, traveling up and down the British Isles to make people understand the new social status which women had achieved on this side of the Atlantic. It was the same lady also who, with others, preached the American message of preventive medicine. (Incidentally, this was the only social movement in which King Edward ever became really interested.) One remembers other "discoverers." (I myself "discovered" on a visit to this country in 1914 that the Americans were highly literate, and sent sixteen large packing cases of reports to an English foundation, on movements here of which very little was known in England.) Somebody was infected by Police Commissioner Theodore Roosevelt's enthusiasm for playgrounds as a means to combat crime; and a campaign followed in England. Somebody else knew Gifford Pinchot and started people thinking about the conservation of natural resources. Still another Britisher had been in Cincinnati and made the Midlands ring with praises for an industrial education combining academic study with practical experience in the shops.

Information about some matters of equal or even greater importance practically did not reach England at all. For example, the American Negro was known only from the comic cartoons of an earlier generation, endlessly reprinted, and from vaudeville; of his

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remarkable economic and cultural rise nothing was heard. Eccentricities of American diet were discussed a good deal, but only in very few circles was serious attention paid to the revolution which a widespread regard for economy and physical efficiency had brought about in American food habits and in the standard of living generally. A few technically progressive employers sent men over to study American industrial efficiency; and these reported back on new wage incentives to higher output and on "scientific management" (which remained a misunderstood novelty until after the war). But there was no recognition at all of the striving for efficiency in small things that permeates American life. The tools and products of that efficiency have to this day largely remained amusing gadgets in England.

The fact is, the British were not favorably predisposed to receive the American impact. There was for most of them no recognizable community of interest. Doctor Heindel brings out how, again and again, fear of America, above all of the ruthlessness with which Americans were in the habit of furthering their interests, stood in the way of appreciation and, hence, of mutual co-operation. It is in these obstacles that great lessons lie for us today, when our own security requires that we concern ourselves with the impressions we produce on all those peoples with whom we must collaborate if the democratic way of life is to survive. Doctor Heindel has given us a good deal to think about in that connection.

—Bruno Lasker

Embezzled Heaven. *By Franz Werfel. New York: Viking Press. 1940. 427 pages. $2.50.*

THE chronicle of the simple servant did not begin with Flaubert, nor did it end with the harrowing naturalism of Claire Goll and other recent populist writers. The simple soul in early literature was to a considerable extent a comic character, as in *Clarissa Harlowe*, and the rise of a sympathetic and realistic treatment of the disadvantaged, oddly enough, had its birth coevally with the upsurge of nineteenth-century romanticism. It is merely the obverse side of the coin.

Champfleury, Balzac and Flaubert set the pace and others followed. Until these writers, we had a somewhat lachrymose treatment—full of bathos in the paper-back novels for "female readers"—of the unfortunate domestic servant. The best of the tradition has now probably reached its culmination in Franz Werfel's *Embezzled Heaven*, a story of an Austrian female servant whose entire life was dedicated to the hereafter. The old servant, Teta, in this book is no caricature nor is she touched with profane irony. She is, in truth, the symbol of a departed way of life, a Catholic way, in an Austria that is, alas, no more. The picture is saddened when the old servant achieves a pilgrimage to Rome and an audience with Pius XI at the age of seventy or over. No more dramatic scene has been portrayed in recent literature than the confrontation of the old servant Teta and the dying pontiff who, in the midst of his tremulous blessing of the last crop of Austrian pilgrims before the Anschluss, seems to envisage the passing of a spiritual frontier, perhaps never to be recaptured in our lifetime.

Werfel's novel restricts itself to the story of the servant Teta and is not concerned, except incidentally, with the death rattle of the last days of Schushnigg's Austria.

This last work of one of the most gifted contemporary novelists, while not as grand in scope as *Musa Dagh*, nevertheless is a rare and distinguished performance in the field of present-day fiction.

—Pierre Loving

Democracy and Finance. The addresses and public statements of William O. Douglas as member and chairman of the Securities and Exchange Commission. *Edited by James Allen. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1940. XIV + 296 pages, with index. $3.00.*

AFTER this election it may be considered trite by some to repeat what the author of these addresses told a distinguished audience at the University of Chicago in 1936: "An economic democracy in action is the only kind of democracy that can provide that degree of security and stability necessary for survival." And yet, we would delude ourselves if we thought that this is tantamount to flogging a dead horse. For, what that general theme means in terms of practical politics, legislative measures and execu-

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tive responsibility, is only slightly less a problem today than it was when William O. Douglas tried to carry the first decisive New Deal reforms, relating to finance, into administrative practice.

At a time when a specious theory of "bigness" as the vehicle of efficient management has come to be doubted, at long last, even by business itself, it no longer seems revolutionary to state that concentration of economic power in private hands may entail consequences as bad for democracy as any "regimentation" by a government bureaucracy, wielding the power of administrative "interference," has so far proved to be. Therefore, it is important that we should have the opportunity of reviewing in this book the thought of a man who by his public service has tried to establish new ways of making democracy and capitalism compatible with one another, by making capitalism work in a democracy.

Indeed, Douglas is one of the most vigorous opponents of financial oligarchies who ever held office in this country. As the editor of this volume shrewdly observes, it is probably the fact that Mr. Douglas spent his formative years well beyond the sound and reach of the marketplace that enabled him to view the doings on that marketplace more calmly and with a broader perspective when he was called to take his seat among the mighty. If there is still any need of proof that "coming up the hard way" does not necessarily make men callous to the insecurity of living for his fellowmen, it can be found in the career of this man, one time window-washer, high-school teacher, lawyer, university professor, chairman of the S.E.C., and now Associate Justice of the Supreme Court. He is only forty-two years old. What has interested him most in his career up to this point is the relationship between government and business in a democracy firmly based on the principles of capitalistic economics. For him, the primary question has always been one of political decisions. But once a decision is made and embodied in statutory law, the supremacy of this law is beyond cavil, and the task of its effective and meaningful enforcement begins. It is "on the technical level" that administrative justice and efficiency prove themselves and Mr. Justice Douglas won his spurs as a public servant.

Most of these speeches refer to some special phase of the S.E.C. work accomplished under William O. Douglas, and the book might therefore cause the impression of being merely a collection of unrelated essays.

But by rearranging the chronological order they can be shown to follow a sequence of thought centering around the main problems which affect the relationship between democracy and fiinance. Thus we have them grouped logically into chapters dealing with the general aspects of industrial and financial control, Stock Exchange reform, the public utilties, corporate reorganization and its reform, and the difficulties and responsibilities inherent in administrative government. The whole is animated by a passionate belief in the mission and workability of the democratic system as such, and the significance of humane moral principles in government. The concluding chapters on education and the democratic ideal, provide a stimulating outlook on the whole range of problems with which this and the coming American generation will have to deal.

THE central problem which emerges, as in the related fields of public utilities and corporate reorganization, is the separation of "values" from "things," further elucidated by Mr. Douglas' own statement: "When a nation of shopkeepers is transformed into a nation of clerks, enormous spiritual sacrifices are made." We see the issue of competitive bidding for corporate issues develop from the famous Bond Club Speech, of March 24, 1937. Moreover, it is highly instructive to review the various proposals for reform in corporate reorganization, advanced by Mr. Douglas on the basis of the S.E.C.'s investigation into the functioning of protective committees in reorganization proceedings, which are now substantially embodied in the broad revision of Section 77B of the Bankruptcy Act, sponsored by Congressman Chandler and enacted in 1938, and Senator Barkley's Trust Indenture Act of 1939.

To this reviewer the author's argument in behalf of the role and function of customers' men in our financial system does not carry much conviction. For, the standards set there seem hardly enforceable in view of the all too "natural" interest of those ostensible "fiduciaries." But, disregarding this point,

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where the realism of the author has yielded to his good will toward the financial community, and a few maybe too facile analogies between the corporate practices under high capitalism and the ideas of the corporative (Fascist) state, the qualities which may fuse the energies of government and business are stated with proper emphasis. Most significant is Mr. Douglas' insistence on the moral implications and safeguards of the "public interest" in all questions dealing with corporate finance.

The new technique of "administrative government" through semi-independent agencies, whose authority derives from the legislature and whose performance is conditioned by the general policies of the executive, is dealt with at some length. Administrative government, itself the product of the increased complexity of social and governmental processes, is here to stay. The problem is to make it effective as well as to delimit its scope and jurisdictional rights. Assuredly the permanency of this kind of government also presents a "challenge to America to place the public service high in its scale of values." Of timely interest is Mr. Justice Douglas' suggestion that, as many modern countries take a few years of the lives of their sons for military purposes, so "democratic government can afford to ask its sons, who by training and tradition can assume a position of leadership, to give at least a few years of their lives in times of peace for the task of preserving capitalism and democracy" by serving in administrative positions. At any rate, the problem of administrative government appears to resolve itself into a dilemma between the building up of a new "vested interest" of a detached professional career service, and the finding of practical devices whereby "a confidence in the ability of democracy to be the master of its own fate" may be built into the national consciousness and—which is even more—be sustained. —HENRY P. JORDAN

VENEZUELA. *By Henry J. Allen. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1940. 283 pages. $3.50.*

THE publishers of this volume state that it is "a complete and authoritative book on the country, its history and its people." The author himself makes no such pretensions. He describes the present sanitation and health program of the Lopez Contreras government, gives a little history, population percentages, and some description of specific places within the country. It also attempts to whitewash the Gomez régime. The author's distaste for the New Deal and his sweeping condemnation of the Mexican Government are expressed many times and do not properly belong in a book the subject of which is Venezuela, in the opinion of this reviewer. Not recommended for the serious student of Venezuelan affairs.

—NAOMI M. OLIVER

TO NOWHERE AND RETURN. *By Joseph Hilton Smyth. New York: Carrick & Evans. 1940. 311 pages. $3.00.*

Joseph Hilton Smyth describes this essay in self-revelation as "the autobiography of a Puritan," which to some of his acquaintances would seem to be putting excessive stress on the irrelevancy of his birth and early exposure to education in New England. For all of the author's droll protestations, in this bizarre first-person epistle, he draws himself as a figure about as saintly as Blue Beard, with additional attributes stemming from Jesse James, Casanova, a magnificently absorbent John Barleycorn, and some seasoning of Richard Harding Davis. This may suggest, at first, an appalling recital, but Mr. Smyth succeeds in retelling most of the truth, as he remembers it, with humor and gusto and certainly never with solemnity, which has not always been true of other contributions to the personal-history literature of our times.

In a sort of well-bred way, *cum* Harvard, the reader staggers and suffers with the author from Boston to Texas, to Central America, to Paris, to Berlin, Budapest and Nice—in Mr. Smyth's own words, "to nowhere and return." Our sympathetic sufferings with Mr. Smyth are relieved by our exchange of anecdotes, ribald and corrosive, with the great and near-great in a variety of places where many young men in the 'twenties received some part of their adult education—that is, along the by-ways of the Bowery, beneath the Pont Neuf in Paris, in Giverney, at Frank Harris' above Nice, and in the precincts of newspaper city-rooms and the offices of pulp magazines. Out of this background the author emerges with the rare

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facility of recognizing the stuffed shirt among human animals, and with the even more unusual ability of not believing himself, in print, the fount of all wisdom.

For all its sardonic vein, the book is an excellent antidote for anyone fed up with the current harvest, between book covers, of first-person howling and recriminating over the last twenty years in Europe.

THE TIDE OF FORTUNE, Twelve Historical Miniatures. *By Stefan Zweig. New York: The Viking Press, Inc. 1940. 285 pages. $2.75.*

This excellent translation by Eden and Cedar Paul, of a book written thirteen years ago, with the plasticity of language and accuracy of detail which characterize Stefan Zweig, ought to be of special interest to the American public, since four out of the twelve episodes deal with the Americas: Nuñez de Balboa discovering the Pacific, the story of General Sutter and the gold of California, Cyrus Field's cable across the Atlantic and President Wilson's failure to establish everlasting peace. "Out of centuries I have chosen twelve such fateful hours, and have not tinted their spiritual truth with any colors of my own mixing," the author writes in the foreword. The twelve historical miniatures, as Stefan Zweig describes them, are nevertheless fascinating reading.

The historical episodes selected by the author do not all have political significance. Zweig attaches just as much value to the description of events having cultural importance. Handel's *Messiah* and Goethe's *Last Love*, which produced his magnificent *Elegy*, will still live when political tyrants are but a bad memory in the minds of men.

Since 1927, when this book was written, the pages of history have been crammed with fateful hours, many of which would make excellent topics for a new book along these lines. Perhaps Stefan Zweig will write it some day.

LETTERS FROM THE CORSICAN. A Series of Communications from Napoleon Bonaparte to Adolf Hitler. *Anonymous. New York: The Vanguard Press. 1940. 179 pages. $2.00.*

Napoleon I, after brooding for five years in St. Helena, and for 120 years in heaven became a wise and rather good-natured philosopher. Looking down on his imitator, Adolf I, he decided to write him some good advice and pessimistic warning. Referring to many historic events in his own career, and in those of other famous conquerors—none of whom was able to keep a conquered world in subjugation—Napoleon tries to convince Adolf that it does not pay. Napoleon tells his would-be successor that while he failed to conquer Russia, Adolf may win after the defeat of the rest of Europe. But, the Corsican warns him, to beware of America, which is preparing and arming.

These letters are well written. They conclude with the prediction: "Perhaps one hundred, two hundred years from now a new world conqueror will stand before your (Hitler's) tomb. It may be, if Europe remains intent upon suicide, that he will be of the race of the new English from across the Atlantic—your English who may impose a *Pax Americana* upon the world. Or it may be that he will come from the East, that his complexion will be dark olive and his eyes on a slant. Who knows? Or perhaps an end will have been made of passports, boundaries, armaments, and conquerors as well."

THE BOSS. *By Dayton David McKean. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1940. 285 pages. $3.00.*

This is muck-raking at its constructive best. Professor McKean, who now teaches history at Dartmouth, served for ten years at Princeton, and also served two terms in the New Jersey House of Assembly. He probably knows more about Mayor Frank ("I am the law!") Hague of Jersey City than anyone save the Mayor himself, and he could scarcely have written a more documented and, at the same time, a livelier biography. But this study of the Hague machine in action is more than a sulphurous indictment of that machine; it is also an inquiry into, and an analysis of, party-machine politics elsewhere in the United States. If it is literarily possible to deal brilliantly with a nauseating subject, Professor McKean has succeeded.

The author has an unprofessorial eye for items of human interest with respect to his subject—his personal habits, his dress, his preoccupation with horse-racing and the prize-ring, his proneness to use his fists to punctuate decisions, and even the Hon. Hague's

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oddities of speech. The Mayor, in other words, comes very much to life. Prof. McKean traces his rise to power, beginning with his years in the sheriff's office, and his election to the Democratic National Committee. There are ample asides on Mayor Hague's vast army of "civil service" employees, their bloated salaries, the fraudulent registration of voters, the misuse of the State and Hudson County payroll as a source of party funds, the "blindness" of the Jersey City police to various categories of crime, the increase—in "the most moralest city in America"—in juvenile delinquency, etc., etc., *ad nauseam.*

The author emphasizes that the Hague machine has changed Jersey City and Hudson County from a financially sound community, in 1917, to the verge of bankruptcy today. In fact, up to now only Federal subsidies have averted the collapse of the two communities. Professor McKean sees Mayor Hague as "the complete boss, the perfect type of politician, a figure characteristically American and infinitely dangerous."

THE MONGOL EMPIRE. *By Michael Prawdin. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1940. 547 pages, bibliography and index. $5.00.*

This is a scholarly but readable history of one of the greatest empires of all time, that of Jenghiz Khan and his successors. The book was originally published in Germany in 1938 as *Tschingis-Chan und Sein Erbe* (the author is a Russian), and one wonders whether it was on Hitler's reading list. Jenghiz Khan is a romantic figure 700 years later, but in his day he was a man after the Führer's own heart—a "virile" and ruthless conqueror who envied the Chinese their culture but despised them as a "nation of shop keepers" who could not withstand his fighting hordes. "When he wondered why Kin [China] should send forth merchants to exchange their valuables for a few pitiful skins and beasts, instead of dispatching an army to take what they wanted without further ado, Dai Sechen told him that townsmen were by no means fervid fighters, not knowing how to ride, to hunt, to use bow and arrow, or to throw a javelin." So, in his childhood, the future Khan meditated on the ease with which the Mongol warriors, if unified under one leader could conquer the world as he knew it. On the basis of his conquests, his heirs built the enormously rich empire which Marco Polo reported to the Western World and in search of which Columbus discovered America. One of the most interesting sections of the book is the brief discussion of surviving Mongol influences in Russia and the East.

Presumably The Macmillan Company is expert in the economics of publishing, but it is regrettable that such a volume of permanent value should have been printed in England where, with the war time shortage, such a poor quality of paper had to be used.

BEYOND GERMAN VICTORY. *By Helen Hull and Herbert Agar. New York: Reynal and Hitchcock. 1940. 117 pages. $1.00.*

This small volume is a sort of expanded pamphlet warning the United States that Hitler has a blueprint completed for the incorporation of this country into his "new world order," and that once he has defeated Britain, our turn will be next. The authors warn against an attitude that this could never happen here, and stress the fact that such incredulity also existed in Czechoslovakia, Poland, France, Scandinavia and wherever else the Nazis have invaded. Perhaps this warning cannot be repeated too often, but the danger does exist that numbers of people are becoming weary of this constant crying of "Wolf!" The duty is accordingly incumbent—upon those convinced of the reality of the immediate danger—of shouting their warnings with more skill and entertainment. The fact is that the present two authors are skillful, and they present their argument with logic and persuasion. The style is chiefly that of a newspaper editorial, with hortatory asides urging the Nation's leaders to build defenses on an even vaster scale than they now contemplate. The authors argue that "we must have an active foreign policy, a dynamic world strategy, in peace no less than in war. Isolated America becomes encircled America. If the United States does not go to the world, the world will come to the United States, and come in military form. The forces of that world are marching now, marching in our direction. For all we have and are, for a decision that is a major turning-point in history, the full extent of our power must be mobilized, and mobilized in time. The time is now."

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THE PATTERN OF POLITICS. *By J. T. Salter. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1940. 245 pages. $2.25.*

The author, who is an associate professor of political science at the University of Wisconsin, has as sub-title to his book the line "the folkways of a Democratic people." The volume includes records of talks between the author and students, the author with various types of people he has met in his travels in the United States, all told in a somewhat "folksy" vein. There are illustrations of the operation of political machines both in rural and urban communities, examples of the flag-waving "of-the-people" school of political oratory, and a good deal of editorial discussion of what "we Americans" are like, how we act and react, when we are confronted by, or we enter, the political arena. The jacket asserts that the subject matter is as common "as the people themselves, or as hamburger sandwiches, roses and the Bible." For once, perhaps, a publisher's blurb approximates the truth, for Professor Salter's volume could scarcely be more heterogeneous and disorderly. Nevertheless, he succeeds in telling some political anecdotes with gusto.

THE WAR: FIRST YEAR. *By Edgar McInnis. New York: Oxford University Press. 1940. 312 pages and index. $1.50.*

This chronology and commentary on the first year of the present war is an excellent presentation of a great deal of factual matter in a palatable style. Politically and militarily, the first twelve months of the conflict are bewildering, even to professional historians, but here the author-compiler does a good job of making some order out of the vast amount of data. Professor McInnis first gives the background and origin of the war, tracing the evolution of Europe since Versailles, and his second chapter treats of the period from the outbreak of the conflict in September 1939 up to the end of that year. The next sections of the volume deal with the conflict in three-month installments, and bring the reader up to August of this year. The author was unable to deal with the grimmer aspects of the Battle for Britain.

A valuable section at the end of the book gives the reader the text of pertinent treaties, war declarations, armistice terms, etc. In addition, there is a day-by-day chronology which a good many readers will read in wonder that they could have forgotten so much of recent and important history.

The volume does not pretend to be as comprehensive, for example, as *The World Over*, published annually by *The Living Age*. Nevertheless, in its own special field it is a valuable ready reference, and written with commendable omission of sermonizing and hand-wringing.

IN THE SHADOW OF LINCOLN'S DEATH. *By Otto Eisenschiml. New York: Wilfred Funk, Inc. 1940. 415 pages and index. $3.00.*

Some two or three years ago Mr. Eisenschiml, a chemical engineer of Chicago, published a fascinating volume called *Why Was Lincoln Murdered?* The present volume deals with a vast amount of material that the author could not include in the earlier book. It also raises other questions—for example, was there more than one plot to kidnap or murder Lincoln, whether Booth was actually killed or did he escape, and was the landlady, Mary Surratt, tortured before she was executed as one of the conspirators? With a nice sense of dramatic values, Mr. Eisenschiml marshals his data and raises new inquiries. The book is heavily documented. To this reviewer, the most interesting chapters are those that deal with the controversy (still acute in some parts of the Nation) over the identification of the body of Booth. Mr. Eisenschiml seems convinced that the actor-assassin was actually shot, and that it was his body that was returned from Garrett's farm to Washington. But after presenting the evidence he admits that "those who argue that Booth escaped and that someone else was shot in his place have a goodly number of somewhat vague points in their favor. . . . There are in existence stacks on stacks of affidavits from respectable people who are sure that they saw Booth in later years and spoke to him in various parts of the world." The volume is handsomely illustrated with contemporary prints and etchings.

MEN ON THE MOVE. *By Nels Anderson. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 1940. 357 pages and index. $3.00.*

This is a detailed study of the movements and the motives activating the nation's migratory workers—the "Oakies,"

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"Arkies," and others dispossessed of their farms, who with their families have taken to the road. The author is director of the Section on Labor Relations of the WPA, and clearly has a special competence in his field. He discusses the reasons for migration, the relation of migrancy to natural resources, industrial development and farm mechanization, and he reviews the not spectacularly successful attempts of certain states and localities to deal with this growing problem. The book is illustrated with some of the saddest photographs this reviewer has seen. Mr. Anderson concludes that this "problem is not one of diminishing the migrancy but of guiding it so that the volume and direction of migration will be consistent with the varying needs of the labor market. The most that can be expected of such guidance is that it will eliminate unreasonable barriers to necessary migration and eliminate a considerable part of the waste resulting from aimless, uninformed wandering."

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT, A BIOGRAPHY. *By Ruby Black. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce, Inc. 1940. 317 pages and index. $250.*

Mrs. Roosevelt's own autobiography of her life before she became First Lady was so frank, even about matters which a lesser woman might have found "painful" to discuss, so long as they were relevant to her own development, that her biographer can do little but add footnotes on that period. Mrs. Roosevelt, herself, has not yet written of her years in—and out—of the White House, and Miss Black's account of them is as complete and intimate a one as we can well expect until her subject ceases to be an official personage. Most of the material is already familiar to the public, through "My Day" and otherwise, but here it is organized, by subject, into an impressive record. Miss Black, who has reported Mrs. Roosevelt's activities for the United Press for over seven years, frankly admires her, but is too competent a newspaper woman to write an adulatory biography. She lets the record speak for itself.

SLAVA BOHU, The Story of the Dukhobors. *By J. F. C. Wright. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1940. 438 pages. $3.50.*

Out of the disagreement which shook Russia's religious world in the seventeenth century—whether the faithful should use two or three fingers to cross themselves—many dissenting sects were born. With unshakable faith they held to their heresies in spite of persecution and banishment. One of these sects—believers in a simple form of theocratic communism—were the Dukhobors or "Spirit Wrestlers." Originating in Southern Russia, their speech is much more akin to Ukrainian than to Russian, hence their greeting "*Slava Bohu*" or "Glory to God." The Dukhobors rejected violence, private property and secular authority. Passive resistance was their chief weapon. They realized Herbert Spencer's concept of the "right to ignore the state"—long before Spencer was born. They became so unmanageable to the Tsarist State, which was unable to stop them by torture, prison or deportations to Siberia, that the Government finally permitted them to depart for Canada. There they became the most successful farmers in the country; but they clung to their concepts. Soon they came into conflict with the authorities once more. The history of that famous and remarkable sect, the odyssey of this folk over Russia, Siberia and Canada and their gradual decline is told in detail and in a very readable style.

COLLECTED POEMS. *By Kenneth Fearing. New York: Random House. 1940. 150 pages. $2.00.*

This collection by the Left Wing Poet contains three former books and a few new poems, all the work of fifteen years. One would think that selectivity like charity begins at home and is the first function of the poet. But none of the old worn out poems could be spared from this volume in the opinion of the publishers and/or the poet, and so the arrogance of inclusiveness is dressed up in beauty of format, making it a book designed to win a prize rather than to serve the reader. Mr. Fearing's collected works will probably win the Pulitzer and are on the same level of brilliantly popular mediocrity. All of which could be forgiven, if, in effect, the poems, from the beginning to the end, weren't one enormous sneer at the sanctity and honesty of the individual.

THE ARROW AT THE HEEL. *By Raymond Holden. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1940. 110 pages. $2.00.*

Some books of verse are born with the dust upon them, and no dust jacket with

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impressive blurbs can save them. *The Arrow at the Heel* is one of them. Mr. Holden's book is divided into two parts, the lyrics and fifty sonnets. But the texture throughout is a heavily precious, a labored dullness. While it is true, as Reuel Denny has observed elsewhere, that Mr. Holden possesses "sense and sensibility," these qualities are buried beyond recognition in boring rhymes and rhythms. One also gets the impression of sweat on the walls of the Ivory Tower.

DEATH AT SEA. *By Frederic Prokosch. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1940. 60 pages. $2.00.*

Frederic Prokosch's new book contains twenty-seven poems united in a single theme —the state of the individual against the sinister background of disastrous world events. In these lyrics one feels the splendor of compassion, the musical anguish, the undertone of "crisis in a dream"—all qualities that Mr. Prokosch has brought to modern poetry in a manner inimitably his own. *Death at Sea* represents a definite advance over his two previous books of verse which have been highly praised by such writers as W. B. Yeats, T. S. Eliot and Robinson Jeffers. Throughout, the sincerity of the poet's concern with the earthquakes in the human soul is apparent—

The ground is shaking and we must not wait
Who one more moment feel alone and free
And hear the angels with their wingéd fears
Like serpents hiss their carols in our ears
And rediscover on this festive night
The hatreds of a hundred thousand years.

This is a book of poems not to be missed.

BOOKS ABROAD

WAR TIME JOURNALISM

The Spectator, London

(Editor's Note: Many readers of The Living Age *will recall articles therein which first appeared in the* Spectator, *the London weekly that may be accurately described as a British institution, as much so in its own field as is* Punch. *The magazine was established in 1711 by Joseph Addison and Richard Steele, with the avowed purpose of "bringing philosophy out of the closets and libraries, to dwell in clubs and assemblies, at tea tables and in coffee houses." It stood for moderation in politics, it published the best criticism of the day and it demanded "clean living in an age when the English upper class had not yet recovered from the license of the Restoration." The following article describes the modern-day* Spectator, *and some of the difficulties of publishing a politico-literary weekly in war time.)*

THE production of a paper like the *Spectator* is in the main its own affair. The business of its staff is to give its readers a finished article, for them to approve or disapprove as it may deserve. They, on their part, are concerned only with the things as they see it, not with how it comes to be what it is. That, at least, is a reasonable view for an editorial staff to take who are well content to do the work that comes to them and not intrude their own personalities more than need be. But there is, no doubt, another side to that, and attention is called to it by a reader who asks for an article describing how the *Spectator* is produced each week, with something about the principal writers, on the ground that "we who read the paper regularly feel almost like partners and would like your confidence." No more persuasive argument could be invoked than that, for the words quoted indicate precisely the relationship which the producers of any paper would most desire to see existing between them and their readers. Here, then, is some response.

The normal make-up of the paper is familiar to all regular readers. It consists of some ten to twelve editorial notes on events of the week, a column of Parliament, two leading articles, the column and a half called "A Spectator's Notebook," seven or eight middles, "Country Life," a couple of pages covering the theater, cinema, music and art, three or four pages of letters to the editor, six or seven of reviews, and a page or two of investment and finance. And, of course, there are advertisements, without which no paper would be an economic proposition. Normally the size of the paper each week is determined by the amount of advertisement space booked, for the editorial mat-

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ter is kept fairly constant in volume. The average number of pages in the *Spectator* in 1939 was forty-eight, though particular issues might run as high as seventy-two.

A word about certain of these features may be apposite. The subjects of editorial notes and leading articles are chosen from the principal events of the week, listed as the days go by, and the notes are intended to contain both record and comment. The activities of Parliament, when sitting, are dealt with by a Member holding much the same Left Center position as the *Spectator* itself. Middle articles do not just happen. Some of them are submitted by what may be termed "outside" writers, more are written by arrangement by authorities on a particular subject which calls for discussion and elucidation. The aim is always to treat the "middles" section as a whole, giving it as much breadth of interest and variety of theme and style as limits of space permit; under war-time conditions a good deal has to be sacrificed here.

Letters are a feature to which special importance is attached. The value of an open forum in which readers, often writing with peculiar authority on the subject with which they deal, can express views either consonant with or completely contrary to those of the paper, is very great; some discretion must, no doubt, be observed, and protests against the insertion of a letter embodying unpopular views may occasionally be justified. But, broadly speaking, controversy is healthy, and truth is attained and wisdom engendered by the cut-and-thrust of argument. Usually, of course, many more letters come in than there is room for.

THE request for some details about the staff and the principal contributors can only be given a modified response. Of the Editor there is little to say, and perhaps the less said the better. He does what he has to do according to his lights, immensely helped by the proprietors of the paper, his colleagues and readers, both appreciative and critical. Interest in the identity of such contributors as Strategicus, Janus and our Parliamentary Correspondent must remain unsatisfied. They have their different reasons for preferring anonymity, leaving themselves to be judged by their writings week by week, and their wishes must clearly be respected. But regarding one regular and highly valued contributor no such reticence is called for. Sir William Beach Thomas has been writing a "Country Life" page, reduced unfortunately for the present to a column, for nearly twenty years, and the value attached to it by readers has been unmistakably demonstrated by the flow of letters it evokes. Regret that Sir William feels that the time has now come for him to rest from his labors will be mitigated by the knowledge that he is handing his responsibilities over to Mr. H. E. Bates, whose qualifications have been evidenced on the many occasions when he has taken temporary charge of the "Country Life" page in the past few years.

So much for the *Spectator* as it normally is. But it is probably more useful to say a word about the abnormal conditions which compel its producers to see through the Press week by week a paper that is far from satisfying them. When war broke out we, like all such journals, were faced with the prospect of loss of staff, loss of contributors, loss of advertisements, loss of revenue, loss of circulation, a severe rationing of paper. Some of these apprehensions have proved groundless. Circulation, so far from decreasing, stands at a substantially higher figure than a year ago, and though paper restrictions often compel the painful decision to refuse lucrative applications for advertisement space, the financial position of the paper is sound. But on the editorial side difficulties have been manifold. The assistant editor, Mr. Goronwy Rees, enlisted before war broke out, and the literary editor, Mr. Derek Verschoyle, has since joined the Air Force. Fortunately it has been possible to replace them very adequately, in the one case by Mr. R. A. Scott-James, formerly Editor of the *London Mercury*, and in the other by Mr. Graham Greene, already well known through his reviews and film criticisms, and still more widely, of course, through his successful novels. Of regular contributors—most notably Mr. Harold Nicolson—and reviewers at least 50 per cent have become unavailable. Some have joined the Government, some the expanded Civil Service, many, of course, are in one of the fighting services; some have most deplorably gone Trappist with Chatham House at Oxford. The paper has to be produced today by a narrowed circle.

There are, moreover, other problems. The chief concerns paper supplies. All such journals as the *Spectator* are permitted to use only one-third of their average pre-war pa-

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per consumption, and are prohibited from drawing on whatever reserves they may have been prudent enough to lay by. Since the average pre-war size of the *Spectator* was forty-eight pages, that would mean a reduction to no more than sixteen pages if paper of the same weight and quality were still used. By substituting a much lighter and thinner paper we are able to maintain a twenty-four-page issue, and hope to continue to do so, unsatisfactory though the expedient plainly is. That, of course, has involved dropping some features altogether and reducing others. There can now be usually only one leading article instead of two, five middles instead of eight (one of the five reserved, with the obvious concurrence of readers, for Strategicus), a column instead of a page of "Country Life," fewer letters and fewer reviews, which is particularly unfortunate at a time when publishers are continuing, with great enterprise and courage, to produce books of a quality as high as ever. The competition goes, but the crossword remains. Advertisements have had to be limited, even though this involves considerable loss of revenue.

VARIOUS other dislocations complicate matters further. Most individual members of the staff have their own bomb-created problems, driving them in some cases to new and less convenient quarters. Interruption of communications often makes it impossible to reach the office at the usual hour, and a week or two ago first arrivals doubted whether it was worth reaching in any case. However, nothing more was wrong than shattered windows, blown-in doors, and no gas, and there is nothing at all fatal about that. But with the letter post completely incalculable, the parcel post so hopeless than it has been idle to send books to any reviewers out of London, or by any other means than special messenger, and with telephone trunk-calls unobtainable, there have been a good many disabilities to live down. There may well be many more yet, particularly if it becomes the habit to stop work in the early afternoon. Provision has been made for alternative accommodation in London if the present offices become untenable, or, if it should seem desirable, out of London. Problems multiply, but there is a certain satisfaction in solving them. Altogether there is so far little to complain of. Readers who are not getting the *Spec-*

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tator of a year ago, or the *Spectator* we should wish them to have, are singularly generous in their appreciation of our difficulties. The single purpose of the staff will be to give them, so far as is possible under the limitations set by the present emergency, the kind of paper they have a right to look for. Any moment may bring a new crisis, but there will always be some way round it.

What Mussolini Did to Us

By Dr. Paolo Treves

(Angelo Crespi in the *Contemporary Review*, London)

THE future historian will consider this book a most important document of Italian life during the eclipse of Italian civilization constituted by fascism. The author is a son of the distinguished journalist and socialist deputy in pre-Fascist days, who, together with Turati and others, founded the Socialist party in 1892. The book begins with a spirited and occasionally humorous description of his family life from the day when, as a boy, he was shattered by the news of the kidnapping and murder of Matteotti. From that day, when he was only sixteen, he began to live but also to be afraid of life: his father might also be murdered. The front page of the book quotes Seneca's words: "Nothing is worse than to make a man inherit the hatred felt for his father." Very soon another great family friend died, Signora Anna Kuliscioff, of Russian origin, another of the party's founders, a lady of exquisite beauty and culture who had known almost all the prisons of continental Europe. Few pages touch the reader so deeply as the description how the Fascist hordes repeatedly and systematically disturbed the funeral, with the obvious complicity of the police and in defiance of the immense and deeply reverent crowd.

When you begin to read this book you cannot lay it down till you have reached the end. It depicts the petty, cruel persecution of a family from morning to evening by Fascists and police who reported daily to Mussolini; the abject attitude of police officers, magistrates or prefects; the cowardice of family friends and acquaintances fearing

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worry and social ostracism. We realize the loneliness of such a life, the unending days of prison life or of a life similar to that in a prison, when the whole family could not move from Turin to Rome or from the mountains to the sea without police escort making it doubly difficult to find lodgings or hotel accommodation. These pages reveal the inwardness of daily life under fascism, the political immaturity and the extremely low intellectual and moral level which made and makes fascism possible. Our author humorously described his vain endeavors to explain what philosophy is to a jailer who, having been told that in prison there were several philosophers, had expressed his curiosity.

Even a Socrates would have lost his patience. Nor will the reader forget the immense and long-practiced skill by which the author, feigning madness, succeeded at last in recovering his freedom, in escaping from military service, under specially devised, exasperating and degrading conditions and, finally, in reaching Paris and rejoining his father and mother, there to resume the struggle for Italian freedom.

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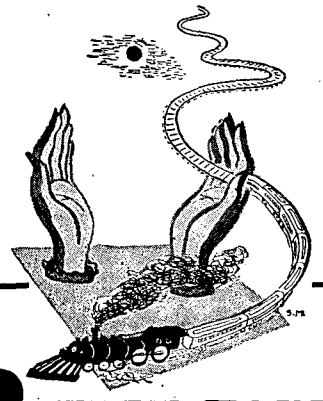
Our Readers Say:

Mr. Leon Bryce Bloch
Sir:

Your obscure and mystical references to the role of the soil in history, you are entitled to; I have encountered them before, notably in recent Nazi literature.

But I find your statement that I have "not completely shed" my "winter skin of Marxism, or rather of Marxist dialectics," I "see the class struggle everywhere" despite my "break with the party of Stalin et al.," both untrue and offensive. Aristotle and the Founders of the Constitution both were aware of class antagonisms. Did that make them dialecticians? Are you sure you know what the Marxian dialectic means? I am certain that if you did you would find that my whole analysis was



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anti-dialectical. Indeed a recent Stalinist fellow-traveler, writing in the *New Republic* about my book, characterized it as "wishful idealism."

You refer to my "break with the party of Stalin et al." I wish our laws could protect innocent persons like myself from the calumnies of ignorant journalists. Perhaps they do; in any case a complete and public retraction is in order. I don't know what your public record is; but mine is plain and easily accessible. Not only have I never belonged to any Communist sect or group at any time, but I have always been a bitter and public enemy of the Communists in America, having been attacked by the *New Masses*, the *Daily Worker* and Earl Browder. And this goes back as far as 1935. I would be curious to know exactly what you were doing during those years.

LOUIS M. HACKER

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Editor, *The Living Age*

Sir:

In your November issue, *Innocent Bystanders*, Cicely Hamilton, author, states that the aurochs, European bison, disappeared—that is, became extinct—during World War I. If my memory is correct, Herman Goring has a herd of these animals on one of his estates. Will you kindly set me right in this doubt?

JOSEPH M. KELLY

Editor's Note: We're stumped.

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